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SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI.

THE centuries on centuries which have rolled over the churches of Christian Rome, only seem to have mellowed the tints of their precious marbles, and to have toned down the colors of their brick campaniles. There is no sign of decay in any of these venerable temples to the ever-living God. Their frescoes may have faded, may have become almost indistinguishable even in outline, as in the church of *San Cesareo*, or still more hopelessly ruined by the dampness of their, to-day, subterranean locations, as in that chapel of *San Martino ad Monte*, in which Pope Sylvester assembled a solemn council in 325 or 326, the Emperor Constantine being present, and where the decorated cross and the Madonna of the sanctuary is seen dimly through the gathering moss as through a green veil. But the walls preserve their grandeur and strength, and are as unbroken as the traditions which they embody. From time to time some event draws upon one of them the eyes of the whole world, and it becomes a place of pilgrimage to an entire generation, thus adding to its ancient associations all the charms of a present sympathy.

For three hundred years tourists

and art lovers, as well as artists, have climbed the steep street leading to that part of the Esquiline Hill where the Baths of Titus once stood, to contemplate the sublime figure of Moses, which Michael Angelo executed with his own hand for the tomb of Julius II, and which he commanded to speak, in the enthusiasm of giving it the last strokes of the chisel. The Hebrew lawgiver is, indeed, worthy of this homage, as he sits with his tablet on his knee, one hand grasping the long flowing beard of a patriarch. The grandeur of Michael Angelo's own soul fitted him to make known the highest type of that Moses who was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, who abode on Mount Sinai forty days, and in the midst of clouds, the lightnings, and the thunders, whereby God manifested himself as the Jehovah of his people, received the Ten Commandments. There was also something almost sacredly tender in the soul of Michael Angelo which prompted him to express, through that sublime face and figure, the peculiar sadness which must have clung to Moses through his whole life. Reared in the court of Pharaoh, he was still a Hebrew in all his sym-

pathies, and this latent spark of nationality was blown into such a flame by an act of oppression towards one of his people that he could forget all the honors of a life at court, all the delights of a present prosperity, to become the leader, under a divine inspiration, of a stiff-necked and rebellious people. Their leader to a land flowing, indeed, with milk and honey, but which he was never to enter, and all as a punishment of his just anger, borne to an inordinate degree, towards a people of whom the Psalmist said, "They do always err in their hearts, and they have not known my ways." This sadness of an impetuous and noble soul, constantly disappointed of its present aims only to work out more perfectly the eternal designs of God, makes the poetry of this head of Moses, which is so utterly unlike any pagan ideal of a lawgiver, and which attracts, so powerfully, souls for whom the mere lawgiver with his budding horns, symbols of power, could have no charm. It is this blending of majestic impetuosity with a supernatural pathos, felt rather than seen, which lifts this work of Michael Angelo, as well as his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, above the level of all works of their kind. There is a singular pleasure, too, in studying the execution of this wonderful statue, which shows every accentuation of feeling in the mind of the artist as he wrought out the marble. This is no stonemason's work, but the sharp incisions betray the emotions of the artist as perfectly as the inflections of the dramatist, at the height of his scathing denunciations, betray the indignation of a just soul; while close beside these sharp incisions come the most carefully sculptured muscles of arm or hand, with the veins standing out in a way to tell how hotly the blood coursed through the mighty heart which beat one hundred and twenty years before called to its rest.

And yet—for here comes to light

one of the wonderful characteristics of these old churches of Christian Rome—this statue of Moses, which every guidebook puts forward as the chief attraction of the church in which it stands, has been in existence only three hundred and seventy years, while this same church has been a place of pilgrimage since the fifth century, nor has the object of veneration once changed, the history of the devotion running thus:

When the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Theodosius, in 439, went to Palestine to visit the places consecrated by the mysteries of redemption, Juvenal, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, presented to her the two chains with which Herod had bound St. Peter in prison, and which had fallen from him at the miraculous touch of the angel sent for his deliverance. These chains were received by the empress with the liveliest gratitude and most profound respect. On her return to Constantinople she reserved one of these precious relics for herself, but gave the other to her daughter, Eudoxia, who was married to Valentinian III, in Rome. The daughter prized this relic of the Prince of the Apostles no less than her mother, and hastened to display her treasure to the Pontiff, St. Sixtus III, whereupon his Holiness showed to her the chain with which St. Peter was bound in the Mamertine prison, and wore to his martyrdom. Moreover, from this interview we may date the miracles which attested the worth of these relics to the mind of the faithful, for no sooner were the two chains laid side by side than they united, miraculously welded, as the first pair had been miraculously unlocked. The pious empress, in admiration over this prodigy, no longer claimed her own chain; but leaving it with the Pontiff, set about building a basilica for its reception, where both chains thus united could be venerated by Christians. Thus, while the mother was erecting a church in Constantinople to honor St. Peter's

chains, the daughter was erecting another on the Esquiline Hill, in Rome, the same San Pietro in Vincoli which to-day attracts the step of the pilgrim, even more than that of the tourist or artist, up that steep side of the Esquiline Hill.

Peering eagerly, a little anxiously, too, it may be, at the labyrinth of streets before, behind, on either side of us as we walk from the Roman Forum to the Colosseum, we see to the left the welcome *Via S. Pietro in Vincoli*, which at first glance seems to open only between high walls, but a short curve gives us a hope of a free space beyond. From the walls, whether of houses or citadels it would be hard to say, the pretty Colosseum ivy hangs out its festoons, and its small blossom of delicate purple seems to rejoice in its safety from human hands. Suddenly, as we come to the steepest part of the ascent, we find ourselves on the lower edge of a sloping square; on the right we see the convent of the Maronite monks, as plain an edifice and as regardless of architectural proportions as a prairie farmhouse, but standing in the shadow of a palm of such beauty as to mark the spot instantly to the veriest stranger, while to the left the wall of brick and stucco opens to show us the grassy knoll on which stands the church of St. Francis of Paula, with its mediæval tower for a belfry, and close beside it, as we ascend, is the low arch under the palace of the Borgias. The green piazza is bounded on the two other sides by the church of San Pietro in Vincoli and its adjacent monastery, which are seen crowning this rocky summit of the Esquiline. But our readers may feel inclined to take our favorite and more circuitous path, and thus pay a visit to the church which honors the memory of the founder of that family of Franciscans which took the name of Minims. Flanked by its tall, machicolated tower, which stands forth like some

veritable warrior of the family that won its name of Frangipani or Breadbreakers by their noble generosity during a famine in the thirteenth century, the church, like the virtues of its patron, is hardly seen at first, and its extent only realized by passing round it, as one is obliged to do to discover an entrance. Once there, we find its piazza is as still as a cloister, and almost as closely environed. Sitting on the steps of the old church, the light April winds breathing around us, there is a wonderful charm in the picturesque group of towers and terraced roofs at one side, the spring flowers nodding from their tiles. Directly in front is a wall on which we could still see the half-effaced frescoes of open-air stations, each with its canopy in stucco, and over this wall we could see the roofs of the city almost as far as to St. Mary Major.

Our first visit to the church of *San Francesca di Paola* was made on his feast-day, the second of April, when we found it gorgeously draped with silk hangings of white, pale yellow, garnet, and blue. The light from the windows was excluded, and in its place hundreds of wax candles drew every step towards the side chapel, where the relics of Saint Francis of Paula were kept under the altar, over which hung a true likeness of the saint in his extreme age.* Nothing could be more touching than this true picture, whose lineaments, and above all, its expression, are so perfectly individual, and at the same time full of that glory which was already awaiting him. He stands, leaning upon his staff, his cowl drawn over his head, and his eyes raised with a meek sort of rapture and an intense longing towards heaven. All the charity and humility which he had inculcated among his *Minims* by example as well as by a constant repetition of lessons on these virtues, shine through those aged eyes, and we realize what his presence must

* St. Francis of Paula lived to the age of 91.

have been to his own community. Leaflets, with an engraving from this picture, but introducing the seacoast, where St. Francis found a cell in his youth, for a background, are given to those who receive Holy Communion at this altar on his feast, and to every one, indeed, who asks for it—one of the many Italian customs which strike the mind of the stranger most happily. Leaving the church to come again upon the quiet piazza, we followed the tide of worshippers, curious to see where they would find an outlet, when we were arrested by the sight of a slender Corinthian pillar, of white marble, standing on a high grassy mound, just where the grounds of the church, monastery, and a school attached to it, seemed to end. The pillar was like many we had seen near the more ancient churches, but on the base of this one, so as to make the rays of the star which decorated each side of it, were cut the favorite words of our saint, *Charitas, Humilitas*, words which he was accustomed to utter quite by themselves, as if they contained the spirit and matter of long discourses. Taking out our sketchbooks to preserve a memory of this pretty column, we found it relieved against a gloomy recess, which a moment's examination showed was a thoroughfare blasted through the solid rock of the Esquiline summit, from the Piazza San Pietro in Vincoli, into this one of San Francesca di Paola, and continued by a rude stairway into the street below. As we sat in the sunshine outside, group after group emerged from the perpetual shadow of this cavernous way—parents with little children, peasants in Roman costumes, fruit and flower girls with their laden baskets on their heads—with a picturesqueness which only the bright colors of this southern land could give, though we found the gloomy cavern coming into our sketch in strong contrast with the white column. Then, as we went on drawing, an airy balcony caught our

eyes, and we must secure this. All at once we bethought ourselves of our guidebook, and found we had been sketching not only the white pillar which commemorates the peaceful virtues of St. Francis of Paula, but the celebrated archway beneath the palace of the Borgias, while the balcony above it was the very one from which the members of that proud family often overlooked the Eternal City. Nor was the contrast between the cavernous archway and the peaceful column more marked than the contrast between the haughty Borgias, even if guiltless of the crimes attributed to them, and the mild peasant who would have all his followers like little children, veritable *minims*.

After this episode, we are ready to emerge through the arch upon the sunny piazza of San Pietro in Vincoli, to pass through its shady portico into the grand old church which has so many and such varied attractions for us, even if we have visited it many times before. The low-browed portico hardly prepares one for the grandeur of the interior, where two majestic lines of Doric fluted columns, ten on either hand, lead the eye to the high altar in the middle of the choir, with its frescoes depicting the principal events in the life of St. Peter. The fresh breezes which play around this summit of the Esquiline wander through the church, and there is a breadth of light pervading it which leaves a most agreeable impression upon the mind. At the very entrance of the left aisle is a relief in marble of St. Peter enthroned, and delivering his keys to an angel, who receives them kneeling.

The second altar is adorned by a mosaic of extraordinary interest, not only on account of its age, dating as it does from 680, but for the circumstances which suggested it. During the visitation of Rome by the plague in 680, when hundreds died each day, a citizen dreamed that the pes-

tilence would be stayed only when the relics of Saint Sebastian should be brought from the catacombs into the city. This dream was communicated to Pope Agatho, who commanded the translation to be made without delay. The mosaic was executed soon after. The groundwork is blue, on which we see an old man with white hair and beard, wearing the cuirass and toga of a Roman soldier, but carrying in his hand the crown of a martyr, the whole expressed after the Byzantine manner. Beside it on a tablet is given its history with an almost scriptural simplicity :

“To Saint Sebastian, martyr, dispenser of the pestilence. In the year 680 a pernicious and severe pestilence invaded the city of Rome, and it was of three months’ duration—July, August and September. Such was the multitude of the dead, that on the same bier parents and children, husbands and wives, with brothers and sisters, were borne out to burial-places, which, everywhere filled with bodies, scarcely sufficed. In addition to this, nocturnal miracles alarmed them, for two angels, one good and the other evil, went through the city, this last bearing a rod in his hand, and as many times as he struck the doors, so many mortals fell in those houses. The disease spread for a length of time, until it was announced to a holy man that there would be an end to the calamity if in the church of *S. Petri ad Vincula*, an altar should be consecrated to Sebastian the Martyr, which thing being done, immediately, the pestilence, as if driven back by hand, was commanded to cease.”

A much more dramatic representation of this event has been given, however, in another part of the church above the tomb of Antonio Pallajuoli, and of his brother Pietro, both famous workers in bronze of the time of Lorenzo Ghiberti. In the background of this fresco we see the citizen telling his dream to Pope

Agatho, who is seated among his cardinals. On the right hand of the foreground the two angels, one as a spirit of evil, the other of mercy, go from door to door on their mysterious errand; on the left hand a procession is bringing the relics of Saint Sebastian from their place in the catacombs into the city, while the immediate foreground is covered with the corpses of those who have fallen victims to the pestilence.*

The statue of Moses, with the lesser statues which make the tomb of Pope Julius II so inferior to the original design of the master, is at the end of the right aisle, close by the door leading to the sacristy. Fronting this end of the aisle is the charming picture of Saint Margaret, by Guercino. Nothing could be fresher, lovelier, more like youth and maidenhood, than this picture in its forms and in its coloring. The gesture, too, in which she seems to keep back the advances of the loathsome dragon, is full of meaning, for it is without fear; a repulsion rather than dread, and as if he could have no power over her, fixed as her young mind is upon a celestial beatitude.

Behind the high altar in the middle of the choir, under the story of Saint Peter frescoed on the apse, is an antique chair of white marble, with a footstool of the same, and of nearly the same form as the chair of Saint Gregory in his Church on the Coelian Hill. It is said that this Episcopal chair, as well as the twenty fluted Doric columns of the nave, once belonged to the adjacent baths of Titus. If so, instead of giving a

* In Rome we see everywhere Saint Sebastian. His statue, his picture, is never out of place. But the marked devotion to him in the grand church of *San Andrea della Valle*, where he not only figures in one of the niches of the façade, and is thus seen by every one who takes the great thoroughfare to St. Peter's, but where there is a chapel under his invocation, is explained by a note in *Les Petits Bollandists*. This church is situated near the sewer into which his body was thrown, and from which it was rescued by the Christians in obedience to a vision vouchsafed to the pious Lucina. On station days, three links of the chain with which he was bound are exposed on the altar of the chapel dedicated to him. A very beautiful picture of Saint Sebastian serves as an altar-piece in this chapel, but by whom it was painted we could not learn.—E. A. S.

sigh, according to the manner laid down in books, we would congratulate all the twenty Doric columns, and the marble chair with its pretty footstool, upon having been transferred from the bathrooms, however gorgeous, of a Titus, Trajan, or any other emperor, to their present honored place in a Christian church, even if this church were not so venerable or so famous as San Pietro in Vincoli, and if for no other reason than the preservation which has thus been insured to them. For writers calling themselves Christian, to accuse the Church of robbery and plunder in thus appropriating to the service of the true God what has served idols, or the luxurious ambition of rulers worthy of anything rather than veneration, is so little in accordance with that spirit of sacrifice which has not known how to spare the purest gold or the costliest gems in the decorations of holy places, that we are not surprised to find most of these writers "straining out gnats to swallow camels." And if we watch their narratives closely, we shall find them, sooner or later, acknowledging these much-bemoaned appropriations to have been made in order to save world-renowned treasures either from utter destruction or ignoble use.

Under the high altar repose the relics of the Maccabees, the seven brothers who, with their mother, Salome, one of the valiant women of the Holy Writ, suffered torments rather than sacrifice to idols under Antiochus IV, between the years 161 and 164 before Christ. These heroes are the only ones whose relics have passed from the guardianship of the Old Law to that of the New. They were first venerated at Antioch, the place of their martyrdom, and their relics were thence transferred by Saint Helen to Constantinople. The same Empress Eudoxia, whose zeal secured to Rome the possession of Saint Peter's chains, brought to this church upon the Esquiline Hill the relics of the seven Maccabees,

sons of Salome. A few years ago the identification of these relics in their ancient sarcophagus was a most solemn ratification of the traditions of the Church, which, in this as in so many other instances, has nobly vindicated itself in the eyes of all who are willing to believe.

On the side of the high altar opposite the sacristy is the chapel of Blessed Archangel Canetoli, a canon regular in the Church of Saint Saviour. His father and brothers fell victims to the civil discords which at one time stained Bologna with blood, and his own life was saved only by a singular protection of Providence. Having been sent to live in the house of his Order at Venice, he was charged with the care of the guests. It was in this capacity that it became his duty to receive the assassin of his own father, and so perfectly did the servant of God triumph over the natural movements of his heart to revenge, that he served with charity this enemy of his family whom he recognized perfectly. His death took place on the 16th of April, 1513.

This altar is the one on which the blessed sacrament is usually kept in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli. It was on Whit-Monday of 1876, which fell on the 5th of May, and a station day at San Pietro in Vincoli, that we visited the church, and while kneeling before the altar found ourselves summoned in the most urgent manner by the custodian to follow him. At first we imagined that a mass was being celebrated at some privileged altar. But passing the high altar, and the chapel of Saint Margaret, and even the Moses, too swiftly to give to any one of them a glance, we hastened through the outer to the inner sacristy to find a party of English-speaking Catholics before the open reliquary in which the chains of Saint Peter are kept. Through the zeal of the custodian we had reached the sacristy just in time to venerate them—not only to touch

them with our rosaries, but to kiss them with profound affection and respect—before they were reinclosed in the magnificent receptacle provided for them. This receptacle is formed in the solid wall, like a chest, closed first by a curtain of red silk, then by a grating of gilded metal, and finally by a door of bronze, elaborately wrought in designs by the same brothers, Antonio and Pietro Pallajuoli, whose tomb we have seen near the entrance of the church. Three keys close the door of the chest, as also of the grate, and these are kept by three different authorities, one by the sovereign Pontiff, another by the titular Cardinal of the basilica, and the third by the Reverend Father Abbot, of the Canons Regular of Saint John of Lateran, who serves the basilica. When the chains are shown, one of the canons, in a surplice and stole, presents the chains to be kissed, and then touching the neck of each pilgrim with the same iron collar worn by Saint Peter, says: "By the intercession of the blessed apostle, Peter, may God deliver thee from all evil."

The miracle which attested to the identity of these apostolic chains while under the eye of the Pope, Saint Sixtus III, was succeeded by others when these chains were deposited in the church built to receive them, "for many," we are told, "were cured of grievous maladies by the touch of these holy chains." When the Popes of those ages wished to make some present of extraordinary excellence, they were accustomed to send a few filings of these precious links, as we are told repeatedly in the letters of Saint Gregory the Great. Sometimes these filings were sent in a key of gold or silver, richly encased; and those who received such a present wore it suspended from the neck, in order to secure the protection of Saint Peter. It was such a present that Saint Gregory the Great sent to Childeburt, King of France, as a proof of his

special affection for him; also to Theotista, a noble patrician lady, sister of Mauritius, Emperor of the East; to Anastasius, patriarch of Antioch; to Recarede, King of the Visigoths of Spain, and to distinguished personages, both ecclesiastical and laic. We also read that other persons, equally exalted in rank, solicited of the Popes these precious filings, and that Justin I, Emperor of the East, even sent ambassadors to Pope Hormisdas, in the early part of the sixth century, to ask for some particles of the chains of Saint Peter, as the most precious thing he could receive, so great was the veneration in which these relics were everywhere held. Towards the year 657, Pope Vitalien sent some of these filings to the wife of Oswin, the holy King of Northumbria, England. Evald, Archbishop of Vienna, received some particles of these apostolic chains from Pope Constantine in the eighth century. Saint Gregory III, in the same century, sent a key containing the same relic to Charles Martel. Saint Leo III, still later, made the same present to Charlemagne. Saint Gregory VII, or Hildebrande, to Acon, King of Denmark, and to Alphonse, King of Castile. Benedict XIV, wishing to renew this ancient custom, at least in regard to his native country, sent to the Cathedral of Bologna, towards the middle of the last century, a key of gold inclosing some of these same filings. Neither are the fathers silent concerning these chains. Saint Chrysostom, of the golden mouth, in the fifth century, bestowed glorious titles on Saint Peter, and commended the virtue of his chains as likely to exceed that of his shadow, which we are told was so potent to the curing of the sick. Saint Augustine, also, in the very beginning of the fifth century, wrote this in his Sermon XXVIII: "If the shadow of Saint Peter was so salutary,* how much more would be the chain which

* Acts of the Apostles, 5: 15.

girded his body? If the vain appearance of his image had such power to restore the sick to health, what power must there not have been in the chains which pressed his sacred limbs? If Saint Peter was so powerful before his martyrdom, how much more when he had triumphed over the attacks of demons? O fortunate chains, whose manacles and links have been turned into crowns and diadems, making of an apostle a martyr! O happy fetters, with which the captive was dragged to the punishment of the cross, not so much to be executed as to be consecrated!"

Many times during the great calamities which have fallen upon Rome and the Church, the reigning Pontiffs have ordered these sacred chains to be exposed, and carried in procession from one basilica to another. Pope Pius VI ordered these chains to be transported, the 17th of January, 1798, to the Vatican, thence to Saint Mary Major and to Saint John of Lateran; and on the 5th of February they were restored to the Eudoxian Basilica, where they remained exposed during five days for the veneration of the faithful. Another solemn exposition of these relics took place in the month of August, 1814; and in 1837, when Rome was invaded for the first time by the cholera, Gregory XVI ordered the holy chains to be exposed with other distinguished relics, in order to preserve the inhabitants from the scourge. Certain it is, that if the cholera entered Rome, its course was much shorter and less fatal than in the other capitals of Europe, according to the best authorities.

Although filings of these renowned chains cannot be secured by every pilgrim to the Eternal City and to the Basilica of Saint Peter in Chains, yet the ingenuity of Christians, as devoted to Saint Peter as those in any preceding age, has invented a means of securing the blessings attached to them. Small chains of a

size to be worn as a watch-guard, and fac-similes of the veritable chains worn by Saint Peter, are touched to those chains, and thus, under the seal of a cardinal, become assured partakers of the merits attached to its original relic. These can be procured, for a mere trifle, of a person in charge of them, and are worn very generally by visitors to Rome as well as by the Romans themselves. A confraternity has been established to encourage this devotion, and numerous indulgences are attached to the wearing of this chain in a devout spirit.

The sacristy in which the relics are kept is worthy of description. Both the outer and inner sacristy boast of a pavement in beautiful *opus Alexandrine*; and so worn are its still bright marbles with centuries on centuries of use, that we can believe the guidebooks and the custodian when they tell us that it dates to the time of Titus, whose baths stood on this spot. The walls of the inner sacristy are adorned with marbles, and among other forms are inlaid round blocks of chain porphyry. Upon the wall of the outer sacristy is the deliverance of Saint Peter by Domenichino.

Coming down the grand nave to the door, we see on the right hand, next to the altar of Saint Sebastian, the tomb of the amiable, truly noble, Cardinal Cintio Aldobrandini, the friend of Tasso. Accomplished as he certainly was, we cannot but realize how the glory of his name has been enhanced by its association with that of the poet, to whose last days he was indeed a consoler, and whose monument on the Janiculum, under the guardianship of the monks of San Onofrio, is one of the memorials of the care which Pius IX has bestowed upon everything connected with the honor of Italy.

As we looked back through the twenty massive columns of fluted Doric, we remembered that here the great Hildebrande was crowned Pope

as Gregory VII, in 1073, while Stephen IX was proclaimed here in 939.¹ But with a still more ardent feeling of interest did we remember that here Pio Nono received his Episcopal consecration, as Bishop of Spoleto. Dear as everything must be even now, which is connected in the least with the present reigning Pontiff and the august prisoner of the Vatican, the time is coming when each memorial will be venerated still more profoundly; and when the magnificent reliquary in which the apostolic chains are exposed on the great festivals, especially on the 1st of August, the feast of Saint Peter's Chains, will seem almost a prophecy concerning its pontifical donor, Pius IX.

This reliquary is adorned with statuettes of Saint Peter and the angel, representing the apostle as saying to his deliverer: *Ecce nunc scio vere*.^{*} As we write, the Golden Jubilee of Pius IX is being celebrated in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, to which the whole Catholic world is sending its tribute of honor. And now, on his fiftieth anniversary as a bishop of the Church, and when he has sat thirty-one years on the chair of Saint Peter, it is not hard to believe that he will yet say with Saint Peter, *Nunc scio vere*; and that this will be his antiphon, sung with a voice still sweet and strong, to the *nunc dimittis* of a true *servant of the servants of God*.[†] But this sublime close of a pontificate as remarkable as this of Pio

Nono, under which we are privileged to have lived, must be the fruit, not only of the virtues of the Pontiff, but of the prayers of his people; for the same narrative which tells us of the deliverance of Saint Peter bears witness to the fidelity of the Church in praying for its head.

Coming out again upon the low-browed atrium which serves as a portico, the eye takes in one of those wonderful views of Rome, so full of historical interest, as well as of beauty, as to fix itself firmly upon the memory. On the right, the low arch, under the palace of the Borgias, opens just enough to remind us of its cavernous grandeur below. On a line with this, as the hill begins to slope, rises the majestic machicolated tower of the Frangipani family, worthy to serve as a campanile for the Church of Saint Francis of Paula, both by its dower of beauty and the honor of its name, the graceful vines casting shadows on its huge sides, while between the tower and the tall palm of the Maronite Convent is seen in the distance, above the tiled roofs of Roman homes and palaces, the tower of the Roman Capitol, crowning that hill, *clivus capitolinus*, which conquerors and poets have climbed to win their wreaths of bay and of fragrant laurel;^{*} and below which are the frightful Mamertine Prisons, where, for eight months, Saint Peter wore one of the very chains now venerated in the Basilica of the Esquiline; and which glories in its title of *Saint Peter in Chains*.

^{*} Acts of the Apostles 12: 11.

[†] A pontifical title, first used by Saint Gregory the Great.

^{*} The true poet's laurel is fragrant. It is still found in the Colonna Gardens.

AVE MARIA.

A BRETON LEGEND.

I.

IN the ages of faith, before the day
 When men were too proud to weep or pray,
 'There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,
 Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
 A chapel for simple souls to meet
 Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,
Ave Maria !

II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
 With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
 Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
 And whose head kept rolling from side to side ;
 Yet who, when the sunset glow grew dim,
 Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,
Ave Maria !

III.

But when they up got and wended home,
 Those up the hillside, these to the foam,
 He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
 Like a thing that is only hull and husk ;
 On as he hobbled, chanting still,
 Now to himself, now loud and shrill,
Ave Maria !

IV.

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,
 And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,
 And ran up his sail, and trimmed his craft,
 While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,
 The senseless cripple would stand and stare,
 Then suddenly halloa his wonted prayer,
Ave Maria !

V.

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,
 Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,
 Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
 Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet ;
 But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,
 Kept singing his one monotonous song,
Ave Maria !

VI.

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked,
The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,
Ave Maria !

VII.

Children mocked and mimicked his feet,
As he slouched and sidled along the street ;
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
And mothers with child eschewed his eye ;
And half in pity, half in scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he spoke,
Ave Maria !

VIII.

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow,
Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria !

IX.

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin ;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring till he died,
Ave Maria !

* * * * *

XI.

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorns white,
And the lark bore his music out of sight,
And the swallow outraced the racing wave,
Up from the lonely, outcast grave
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,
Such as She bears to whom men cry,
Ave Maria !

XII.

None had planted it, no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew ; "

Grew up strong, till its stately stem
 Was crowned with a snow-white diadem,—
 One pure lily, round which, behold !
 Was written by God in veins of gold,
“Ave Maria !”

XIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,
 Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine ;
 Shrine you may see in the little town
 That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.
 Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
 And it bears the outcast idiot's name,
Ave Maria !

XIV.

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
 From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
 Crazy, contorted, mindless born,
 The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
 Who shall bar you the gates of day,
 So you have simple faith to say,
Ave Maria ?

GIOVANNI, CARDINAL SIMEONI, PAPAL SECRETARY
OF STATE.

A FIGURE above the medium height, a strong, well-knit frame, a massive head, a face dark-complexioned, severe to behold ordinarily, yet full of urbanity, sweetness, and even tenderness, when the strong lines of the mouth relax ; and the eyes, dark but lightsome, deep but not mysterious, beam with recognition or with unfeigned priestly courtesy. There is a bend, a stoop in the shoulders, bespeaking not the courtier, but the hard student, which adds a quiet grace and dignity to him. He is not one of those path-keeping dignitaries, stately of stride, erect of bearing, who move on with the consciousness that people will make way for them. We have seen him frequently, in the antechambers of the Propaganda offices, or on the stairs, stand aside to allow a monk with his wallet to pass by. Yet we have also seen him stand erect in native majesty, with a look of noble scorn in his face, and a fiery indignation flashing from those eyes, otherwise the expression of a gentle heart, which caused his insulter to quake with fear. The incident is not inopportune here. We were one day, some four years ago, seated in an office of the Propaganda, beside the desk of our old and revered friend, Mgr. Rinaldini, having a quiet chat with him. At a neighboring desk sat a *Minutante* writing, while, in a remote corner of the room, stood Mgr. Simeoni, then Secretary of the Propaganda, engaged in conversation with a foreign clergyman. They spoke in Latin, the Monsignor fluently and with graceful precision, the foreigner poorly and with difficulty. We saw the clergyman go down on one knee, and take the

hand of the prelate, who suddenly withdrew it, as if stung by an adder, while something fell to the floor with a moneyed ring. Simultaneously with this, the prelate said in an agitated voice, while he drew himself back majestically, "*Ne facias hoc—ne facias hoc*"—Do not, do not. The foreigner said, "*pro missis*"—For masses. "*Nequaquam*"—By no means, said the Monsignor, and he seemed to increase in stature with his indignation. As he stood there drawn up to his full height, his head thrown slightly back, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes aglow with indignation, he presented a picture of native majesty which thrilled the beholders. He was in the attitude of an honest Roman priest. It was evident from the genuine embarrassment and mortification of the clergyman as he walked out that he had no intention of trifling with the integrity of the Secretary. Be that as it may, the habitual tenderness of the latter soon asserted itself in the tears of compassion which swelled in his eyes soon after. Such is Cardinal Simeoni, now Secretary of State to Pope Pius IX. People say of him that he is of the timber saints are made of. It is no haphazard assertion. Unlike his predecessor, Cardinal Antonelli, who sat down to honors amid the princes of the Church in comparative youth, Giovanni Simeoni began life by taking the lowest place in the lowest class of the Roman University, and no influence of friends, nor ambition of his own, but sheer merit, moral and intellectual, increasing and becoming more luminous daily, procured for him, step by step, as he mounted the scale of honors, the repeated invitation, "Friend, go up higher." He can go no higher now, save at the unanimous vote of his colleagues in solemn conclave. Pius IX has invested him with the highest dignity and the most important and delicate office in the Church, Cardinal Secretary of State. To follow

him from his childhood to this eminence, and then contemplate briefly his virtues and qualifications, is the purpose of this paper.

To use the words of Louis Teste, in that dangerous medley of scandalous gossip and facts, *Préface au Conclave*, "Giovanni Simeoni was not raised on the knee of a duchess." Yet his ancestors were an honorable stock, having been the administrators for generations of the domain of the Colonnas. They lived at Paliano, in the Diocese of Palestrina, where, on the 23d of July, 1816, the subject of this sketch was born. When he was six years of age, his father, with a numerous family of sons and daughters, came to Rome. One of his brothers studied for the bar, another devoted himself to medicine, a third to pharmacy, and two others followed the occupation of their father. Soon after his arrival in the Eternal City, Giovanni evinced a strong inclination towards the altar, and began to frequent the University of the Sapienza, as an *abbatino*—a little abbé. The term *abbate*, or abbé, is applied to any student of the University who wears the cassock and tri-cornered hat, and professes to take sacred orders. It were supererogatory to say that he was "gifted with talents of a high order," in the face of the fact, that after having gone through the regular course of studies of fifteen years, he sustained a "public defence" in theology, canon and civil law, and was acclaimed *Doctor ad honorem in utroque jure*. He had just reached the age established by the canons for the reception of major orders. He was ordained priest, and became preceptor to the Colonna family, and chaplain to the Prince Don Aspreno. When the latter used to go in grand *tenu* to the Sistine Chapel or to St. Peter's, in his quality of assistant to the Pontifical throne, he was attended by his young chaplain, Don Giovanni Simeoni. In the year 1843, when he

was only twenty-seven years of age, he was nominated Professor of Philosophy in the Pontifical schools. Soon after, as his reputation began to spread, Mgr. Brunelis, then Secretary of the Propaganda, called him to the chair of theology in that college. This was during the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. No sooner did Pius IX mount the Pontifical throne, than he conferred a prelature on young Simeoni, and appointed him to the important office of Secretary of the Roman University, to which he was already attached as member of the Theological Academy. In this office he displayed unusual talent and sagacity. Above all, his sterling priestly virtues were the admiration of every one, and of none more than of Cardinal Patrizi, the Vicar of Rome, who intrusted him with the important charge of Prefect of Studies of the Roman Seminary, and at the same time nominated him a Consultant of the congregation for the examination of bishops. It was his office to examine aspirants to bishoprics in the Pontifical States on canon law. These different offices were no sinecure for the young prelate, nor was it observed that with his advancing promotions his manner of living approached the sumptuous. It may be said of his purse, as of the wallet of St. Francis of Assisi, it had no bottom to it, and greater glory to him still, his own family were none the better off for his advancement. He had other pensioners to provide for. He lent much to the Lord. When Cardinal Brunelis was appointed to the Nunciature of Madrid, he was accompanied by Mgr. Simeoni, as Auditor. Under the training of so able and upright a diplomat as the Cardinal, he became thoroughly conversant with diplomatic affairs. He holds a conspicuous place in the Spanish Concordat of 1851. He remained in Spain until the year 1857. But the humid, penetrating cold of the

winters at Madrid made sad havoc with his strength, and at his own request he was recalled to Rome. But he had barely begun to feel the benefit of his native clime when he was sent back to Spain on the delicate mission of re-establishing the friendly relations of Spain with the Holy See, which had suffered considerably in consequence of the revolution of 1853. Having brought his mission to a successful termination, to the admiration of the Holy Father, and the intense satisfaction of Queen Isabella, who conceived a lasting regard for his priestly virtues and extraordinary abilities, he was sent on a similar mission to Hungary. There he was equally successful in the management of the affairs of the Holy See. From Hungary he was sent into Transylvania, whither his reputation as a priest of irreproachable morals, a profound scholar, and a successful diplomat—this last title, by the way, was always obnoxious to him—had preceded him. This was an earnest of success. He returned from Transylvania, and as a guerdon of his services, the Holy Father nominated him one of his domestic prelates, and Apostolic Prothonotary. It was in the year 1862 that Pius IX instituted the famous congregation in the Propaganda for the affairs of the Oriental rite. Since its establishment this congregation has done more towards settling the difficulties in the Eastern Church, removing old feuds, and avoiding petty schisms, than had been accomplished for two centuries previous. It is composed of the most distinguished Oriental scholars in Rome—Franzelin (now Cardinal) and Bollig, of the Society of Jesus, Erculei and Scapaticci, of the Vatican library, Zingerle, and Dr. Smith, Benedictines, Father Theiner, since dead, and Father Ugo Lammer. The presidency for the correction and reorganization of the Oriental liturgical works was intrusted to Cardinal Reisach, the secretaryship

to Mgr. Simeoni. For six years he labored indefatigably at the Propaganda in the management of the affairs appertaining to the Eastern Church. Nor did he give up the Prefectship of the Roman Seminary, nor allow his interest in the Roman University to abate. He also continued to discharge his duties as one of the examiners of new bishops. He never missed an examination at either the Roman Seminary or the University, despite the multiplicity of affairs which occupied him at the Propaganda. He was the terror of young aspirants to doctrinal honors in both universities. Being a thorough logician, he could manipulate the most specious and apparently unanswerable argument against any thesis, either in theology or philosophy. The brighter and more brilliant the disputant, the keener and readier the objections of the Monsignor. Yet, when he happened upon a young student who showed embarrassment or excitement during the examination, his tenderness asserted the mastery over his learning, and the nervous student generally passed. Once only have we known him to be inexorable at an examination. It was while he was Prefect of Studies at the Propaganda. A young German of the Propaganda proposed "to take the Doctor's cap" in philosophy. He appeared before the board of examiners, the Cardinal Prefect, Barnabò, of happy remembrance, and Mgr. Simeoni. The young man became so nervous that he fainted away before the examination had proceeded to anything definite. The heart of the good Cardinal melted with compassion. He threw his five votes into the urn in favor of the young fellow, and pleaded with the Monsignor, urging him to do likewise, and be lenient. But he remained unmoved in his determination, insisting that if the student desired the honors of the laureate, he should assume the burden of an examination, and sus-

tain it satisfactorily. Whether the aspirant were physically unable to bear the excitement of another examination, or intellectually incapable of it, we know not. The fact is, the examination never took place. Strange, by the way, the German who was afraid to bear the brunt of an encounter with five professors and two gentle-mannered churchmen, comported himself afterwards like a brave soldier in the Franco-Prussian war. This incident has borne us on to the next step of honor in the life of Mgr. Simeoni. It is but natural to suppose, that during the six years of his secretaryship of the Oriental affairs at the Propaganda, he became thoroughly conversant with the whole inner machinery of that wonderful establishment, and that he obtained a full conception, through the other officers thereat, of the Church in America, in Australia, of the missions in China, Japan, in a word of the vast territory over which the Propaganda exercises an immediate influence through its missionaries. He was well prepared then for his new charge, when the Sovereign Pontiff, at the suggestion of Cardinal Barnabò, and Cardinal Capalti, former incumbent of the office, appointed him Secretary of the General Congregation of the Propaganda, and Prefect of Studies in the College. From the day of his appointment to this office to that of his next promotion, in 1875, he was ever to be found in the dingy offices of the Propaganda,—dingy, we said, for there is very little time or inclination there for anything but the expeditious accomplishment of business. It is the boast of great commercial houses to have relations abroad, and they show us their invoices from and to the antipodes with no small pride. But then they grow rich in their speculations, and they can well afford to lavish money on the embellishment of their offices, on the purchase of magnificent ledgers, and on office-boys. But here is an institution hav-

ing still more intimate and extensive relations abroad, for the influence of the Propaganda extends not only to the missionary lands themselves, but to every diocese, nay, parish, and, not unfrequently, to the individuals thereof. It sends yearly invoices of young Levites, bearing books, money, and sometimes clothing and industrial tools. Such are the exports of the Propaganda. Imports in return it has none. The returning invoice is booked for heaven, and in heaven, in the souls gained to Christ. A no inconsiderable return is also accredited here below, in the civilization which results from every invoice of the Propaganda. Yet the Propaganda has no revenues save those of charity, and the four or five clerks who manage the affairs of the office, with the Secretary himself, who spend from five to six hours a day over those rough, clumsy ledgers, full of Latin hieroglyphics, do not receive in all a monthly salary equivalent to that of an ordinary scrivener in a first-class commercial house of New York. We might descant more largely on the glories of the Propaganda, one of the greatest of which is certainly its generosity. Even now, we behold Monsignor Simeoni subscribing to a document to be sent abroad, containing perhaps a dispensation or an Apostolic favor, the material, handling, and forwarding from the Propaganda to the Vatican, and thence back; cost from five to five-and-twenty francs, that panegyric in itself of the generous Propaganda, *Gratis sine ulla, quocumque titulo, solutione*—*Gratis*, without any payment by whatsoever title. We have never heard of any priest connected with the Propaganda growing rich. That *gratis, without any payment*, teaches a noble poverty. The labors of Mgr. Simeoni in the Propaganda, his endeavors to bring the course of literary, scientific, philosophical, and theological studies to the highest standard, would furnish ample materials for a separate and lengthy article.

He made it a point to visit each class from the *Janua*—the gate—of the juveniles, who were being inoculated in the mysteries of the declensions, to the highest class of the graduating priests, where Tuzzi, the mild, but subtle, holds forth on the Sacraments, or Barney, the erudite, literally cudgels the heresies against the Trinity, once a month at least. Nor was he content with assisting, passive and silent, at the recitations. He had a list of the class in his hand. He singled out a name at random, and proceeded to examine its owner with most scholastic rigor, yet with Christian mildness and charity. He has sometimes left the upper classes excited, after an encounter with some young Tartar, as astute as himself in handling the foils of dispute. An old tradition in the corridors of the Propaganda tells of a spirited dispute between the Monsignor and a young Irishman, who, so the boys in their admiration say, “floored the Academician of the Sapienza.” Nothing, we are sure, would have given the Academician greater pleasure, for he loves a scholastic skirmish. But the Monsignor was not to remain in an element which evidently suited, certainly pleased, him. In the winter of 1875 he was preconized Archbishop of Chalcedon, *in partibus infidelium*, and, at the same time, appointed pro-Nuncio at the court of Alfonso XII, of Spain. He was consecrated by Cardinal Franchi, in the church of the Propaganda College, and soon after set out on his mission. But honors followed him thither. In the Consistory of March 15th, of the same year, he was created a Cardinal *in petto*, and in the following September published Cardinal priest, with the titular church of *San Pietro in Vincoli*. He received, according to the ancient usage, the Cardinal’s cap from the hands of the king of Spain, and continued to reside there. He made a noble struggle in the defence of the religious unity of Spain, when the

new constitution proclaimed religious liberty. Though failing to avert this blow at the ancient religious traditions of the land, he succeeded in establishing and maintaining friendly relations between the court of Madrid and the Vatican. On the death of Cardinal Antonelli, the Holy Father called him to his side, to be his friend and adviser for life, for it is a received maxim in the Vatican, "The Pope never changes his Secretary of State." The appointment of Cardinal Simeoni to this important office surprised many, even of the Sacred College. It was thought that a distinguished diplomat, Cardinal Franchi, for instance, would be the nominee. But already the world has begun to applaud the choice of Pius IX, in his extreme old age. Cardinal Simeoni possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualifications for the office of Secretary of State to His Holiness. First and foremost of these is his unblemished character. There is no mystery about his life, no rumors, no whisperings at receptions and in lobbies. This begets confidence on all sides. In the next place, he speaks little and listens much. He measures what he says. He is a priest. He eschews elegance in the forms of expression, the fashions in comportment, and studied politeness. He is naturally urbane and simple. Yet back of this there is a very mountain of solid learning, deep penetrative thought, with an administrative power equal to any and every emergency. The

living rock of this mountain is his inflexible integrity, and this gives him firmness of character and purpose. He is no diplomat? Perhaps not, in the modern acceptation of the term, and the greater our joy and confidence. But he knows the rights and prerogatives of the Catholic Church. None better. He loves the rights and prerogatives of the Catholic Church, and desires to vindicate them. None more so. He has an indomitable will, a keen perception, and an unequivocal style of diction, which make him more than a match for any diplomat or politician who may cope with him. He has given one luminous proof of this in his inimitable reply to the circular of Mancini, the Italian Keeper of the Seals, on the Allocution of March the Twelfth. That document, besides asserting him worthy of the trust imposed in him by the aged Pontiff, and winning for him the admiration and confidence of the whole Catholic world, has proved to the quibblers of Italy that Cardinal Simeoni is a diplomat of a dangerous order for them. The era of simple protestations has passed in the Vatican. Cardinal Simeoni has inaugurated the era of action. Why this "clerical reaction" which has terrified the Liberals? Because a Samson of integrity, the diplomat of faith and ecclesiastic spirit, has entered the Vatican to be the bosom friend and counsellor of Pius IX, in the person of Giovanni, Cardinal Simeoni.

CATHOLICITY IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA,

FROM 1835 TO 1844.

III.

THE first church at Rock Lake, Wayne County, was built in 1835, by the late Rev. Henry Fitzsimmons. It was a modest structure, 40 feet \times 20 feet, and was placed under the patronage of St. Juliana Falconieri. It may be well to mention here that Rock Lake and missions were formerly attended from Wilkesbarre and from Honesdale. In 1856 Rev. John Shields was appointed first resident pastor. After his removal it was again attended from Honesdale for about six months, when the second pastor, Rev. Anthony Della Nave, was appointed, in 1857. He was succeeded, in 1864, by Rev. Thomas Brehony, and in 1871 the present zealous pastor, Rev. J. H. Judge, assumed charge of Rock Lake and the out-mission depending on it. St. Cecilia's Church, at South Pleasant Mountain, and St. Joseph's Church, Damascus, were both founded by Father Brehony. The latter was completed by Father Judge, who also built St. Paul's, a fine church (76 feet \times 31 feet). Father Judge has not only built new churches and enlarged and improved others, but he has also looked after the intellectual advancement of his people by establishing libraries for their use. The religious education of the children is not neglected, for, beside the personal supervision exercised by the pastor, whose intentions to build a parochial school are perhaps by this time realized, the seven public schools in his settlement have all along been under the charge of Catholic teachers who teach Catechism.

St. Mary's Church, Phoenixville, Chester County, was founded in 1840

by the Rev. Patrick Donohoe, of Norristown. This church was originally 45 feet \times 30 feet in dimensions. It was enlarged in 1855 by Rev. Philip O'Farrell, who became pastor in 1846. Father O'Farrell was succeeded, about 1868, by the present incumbent, Rev. John Seanlan, who again enlarged and beautified the church. It is now 112 feet long by 58 feet wide, and is surmounted by a tower and cross.

The year 1838 found the diocese of Philadelphia (then including the whole of Pennsylvania and Delaware, and the western portion of New Jersey) with 63 churches, 8 mission stations, 44 priests, 1 female academy, and 7 charitable institutions. Bishop Kenrick saw that the growth of Catholicity in his diocese demanded an increase in the number of priests, and with all the difficulties and troubles that at this time disturbed his diocese, he nevertheless took the necessary steps to provide for this want. Although the Theological Seminary was not formally opened until 1838, the bishop was in the habit before this of making some provision for the few young men who manifested a vocation for the priesthood. It has been said that this was also done by Bishops Egan and Conwell, and that some young men were domiciled at the Episcopal residence attached to St. Mary's. This seems almost improbable, as will be seen from the following extract from a letter to the writer of this article from Mr. Marc Antoine Frenaye, a gentleman who was then in a position to know whereof he speaks, and to whom the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, St. John's

Church, and the Catholics of Philadelphia in general, are under lasting obligations.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 19th, 1871.

MR. MARC F. VALLETTE.

DEAR SIR: Yesterday you took me by surprise. I had not thought of the history of the Seminary for a long time, and I could not answer your questions satisfactorily; but since then I have been thinking the matter over, and have brushed up my memory on the subject, and I can now answer you.

It is not true that Mr. William Keating bought the ground on which the Seminary now stands (Eighteenth and Race). Neither is it true that Bishop Egan and Bishop Conwell had begun to collect a few young men as a nucleus for the contemplated Seminary. Both were deprived by the Trustees of St. Mary's from benefits derived from attending to the congregation. They both resided, one after the other, in the Presbytery of St. Joseph's, which, for the time being, had been abandoned by the Jesuits. They were supposed to be supported by the charity of a few friends. How could they maintain "a few young men" under this roof? There were then in Philadelphia two priests at St. Mary's, and one at Holy Trinity, and the Augustinians. Bishop Egan soon died of grief, and Bishop Conwell, at an advanced age, said to be one hundred years, subsequently died in a state of dotage and entirely blind. Thus matters stood when Bishop Kenrick . . . came to Philadelphia as administrator of the diocese. The trustees of St. Mary's refused to acknowledge him, on the absurd plea that he had not been recommended by them. They maintained that in Europe the bishops are recommended by the reigning sovereigns, and that as the government in this country did not claim this right, it belonged to them.

Bishop Kenrick at last succeeded by his suavity of manners and by his great tact in obtaining a salary from them, and being allowed to live in the house now occupied by Father Strobel. *Here* it was that he began the nucleus of the future Seminary, and he made it known that he intended to purchase a suitable locality for that purpose. Shortly after, a very respectable Catholic of Philadelphia, named Mr. Michael McCloskey, called my attention to the northeast corner of Eighteenth and Race Streets, where an outside wall and one partition wall of a new building were already standing, and he told me that the owner, for want of means to finish it, would be obliged to dispose of it. I mentioned this to Bishop Kenrick, and he went to see the locality. He immediately authorized me to purchase the property.

Mr. Michael McCloskey having generously offered me to superintend the me-

chanics, and see that they did not idle away their time while at work, I made the purchase for half cash and half credit. The cash I procured immediately with the assistance of Mr. Alexander Lopez. The title-deeds were without delay put into the hands of Mr. Keating, who, as a lawyer, was to examine them and make out a new one in the bishop's name. Hence, Bishop Kenrick must be considered the purchaser of the property, and not Mr. Keating. The latter, however, generously declined to receive any compensation for his services.

I was immediately appointed treasurer by the bishop, and authorized to receive subscriptions for the Seminary, and pay the mechanics, through our friend, Mr. Michael McCloskey. During all this time there was not one among the secular priests in Philadelphia that the bishop could appoint as professor in the Seminary. By the time it was ready for occupation, however, the late Dr. O'Connor, afterwards bishop of Pittsburgh, arrived in Philadelphia from Ireland, and took charge of the Seminary. There is no doubt but that he was written for by Bishop Kenrick. Besides being an eminent clergyman, Dr. O'Connor was a very good financier, and immediately suggested the idea of collecting subscriptions in the manner adopted by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in France, which mode has ever since been successfully followed in Philadelphia.

Besides this, the assistance of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith was solicited, and it was granted for a few years. Here it is my duty as treasurer to deny that any aid was ever received from Switzerland. During that time the Leopoldine Association, established in Germany, sent Bishop Kenrick \$5000, but having stipulated that it was to be used for German purposes, Bishop Kenrick, unwilling to be their clerk, returned them the money. This he told me himself.

Very sincerely your friend,

M. A. FRENAYE.

In 1838 an act was passed by the legislature of Pennsylvania, incorporating the "Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo." The incorporators were John Keating, John Diamond, Joseph Dugan, Michael McGrath, and Marc Antoine Frenaye, who were constituted the first lay trustees, and formed *five* of the *nine* required by law. The other four consisted of Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, the President of the Seminary, the Professor of Theology, and the Professor of Sacred

Scriptures. On September 2d, 1838, Bishop Kenrick issued his first Pastoral Address in behalf of this institution. On January 22d, 1839, the new building was completed,* and Very Rev. Michael O'Connor, D.D., opened the Seminary with eighteen students. The number of priests ordained in Philadelphia from November, 1832, to November, 1839, was eighteen.

On March 16th, 1840, the "Auxiliary Society of St. Charles Borromeo," founded in 1838 by Dr. O'Connor, was reorganized, and up to November 10th of the same year the society had collected \$3966.76. This society is still in successful operation. The number of students had now increased to twenty-five, five of whom were ordained during the latter half of the year.

In 1841 it was found necessary, to meet the wants of the faithful in Pittsburg and vicinity, who were too far removed from their bishop to communicate with him with as great facility as can be done nowadays, that a priest endowed with the faculties of Vicar-General be located in their vicinity. Bishop Kenrick recognized this necessity, and appointed Very Rev. Michael O'Connor, D.D., pastor of St. Paul's Church. He also invested him with the powers of Vicar-General. Two years later Pittsburg was erected into an Episcopal See, and Dr. O'Connor became Bishop of Pittsburg. On the withdrawal of Dr. O'Connor from the Seminary, the bishop placed it under the charge of the Lazarist Fathers, and Very Rev. Mariano Maller, C.M., became its president. He was succeeded, in 1847, by Very Rev. J. B. Tornatore, C.M. The Seminary at this time contained twenty-five students—ten in theology, and twelve in philosophy.

* When the premises were purchased, in 1838, the walls of the front building were erected; the rafters and studs were in place; also the frame of the roof. The first lot, 46 feet front, and 150 feet deep, with the building on it, was bought for \$12,000. Subsequently another lot on the north side, 40 feet front, was purchased for \$9200. Purchase of 66 feet on Race Street, \$3000.

In 1848 the Rev. Thaddeus Amat, C.M. (now Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, California), became president. The number of students was twenty-five, and the total amount of subscriptions for the support of the Seminary was \$4043.26.

In 1850 the Seminary was enlarged and improved, according to plans proposed by Joseph D. Koecher, architect. In 1851 the number of students had increased to forty-one. Six priests were ordained during the year, and \$3941.26 was contributed for its support.

In 1853, the Lazarist Fathers having been called away to another field of duty, the Rev. William O'Hara, D.D. (now Bishop of Scranton, Pennsylvania), became president, and held that position with honor until 1862, when he was succeeded by the Very Rev. Maurice A. Walsh, who was in turn succeeded, in 1865, by the Very Rev. James O'Connor, now Vicar Apostolic of Omaha.

In 1859 the good and pious Bishop Neumann, C.S.S.R., opened a Preparatory Seminary at Glen Riddle, Delaware County, and placed it under the direction of Rev. J. F. Shanahan, now Bishop of Harrisburg. Since the erection of the new seminary at Overbrook, all the departments are under the same roof, and under the same rector.

As the number of students increased, it became evident that the present building would no longer afford the accommodations and comforts demanded by the condition of young men engaged in hard study. Since the erection of St. Charles Seminary, the city of Philadelphia has extended its limits far beyond Eighteenth and Race Streets, and instead of finding itself on the outskirts of the city, the Seminary was almost in the very centre. Close confinement, the want of sufficient grounds for recreation, together with other drawbacks, induced Bishop Wood to look around for a suitable

place on which to erect a new Seminary. Bishop Kenrick had entertained this idea long before, and was at one time on the point of purchasing Bolmar's School at West Chester, now the Mother House of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Bishop Neumann also had his eye on that property, and failing to secure it, relieved the large Seminary by purchasing the property at Glen Riddle for the Preparatorians, and, perhaps, with a view of eventually building his new Seminary there. In 1866 Bishop Wood secured the property known as the Remington Farm, near Overbrook, a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about four miles from Philadelphia. The corner-stone was laid with imposing ceremonies on April 4th, 1866, on which occasion the first president of the Seminary, Rev. Michael O'Connor, then a member of the Society of Jesus, preached a sermon, in which he reviewed its early history, its struggles for existence, and its final triumph. As this is unquestionably the finest seminary building in the United States, a brief description of it may not be inappropriate here.

The general ground plan is that of a square, *sans* one of its sides. Its order of architecture is Italian. It consists of a centre building 58 feet 8 inches by 99 feet 1 inch, three stories high, and is surmounted by a dome 180 feet above the ground. Connected with it by two wings, two stories high, running at right angles to it, and 29 feet 6 inches by 122 feet 5 inches respectively, are two pavilions, three stories high, and 41 feet 6 inches by 64 feet 7 inches in dimensions, making an entire front of nearly 400 feet. This range of buildings forms the front of the edifice, which looks towards the east, the pavilions forming the northeast and southwest corners. The centre of the building is devoted to the library, the reception-room for visitors, and other minor purposes, the pavilions to the school-rooms. Di-

rectly in the rear of the latter, standing at right angles, and connected with them by intervening structures of 115 feet by 29 feet 6 inches in each, are two similar pavilions, 43 feet 6 inches by 73 feet 9 inches. As the front of the building looks east (that is, towards the city), of course the sides of the structure look north and south, the rear pavilions standing on the southwest and northwest corners. The first story of the "intervening structures" connecting the northeast and northwest pavilions is used as a dining-room; the other story (for all the connecting buildings are two stories high) for students' rooms. The similar structure on the south side, connecting the southeast and southwest pavilions, is devoted entirely to students' rooms or dormitories. Immediately in the rear of the northwest pavilion are the quarters of the matron and her attachés, the laundry, storerooms, etc. Midway in the space between the north and south wings, and immediately in the rear of the centre buildings, is the chapel, 103 feet by 45 feet 6 inches. The main altar is of stone. The apse on the rear is circular and lighted from above. The walls of the chapel are prepared for paintings. The space thus allotted is about 16 feet wide by 24 feet high, visible from the body of the chapel. These comprise all the buildings. Everything used in construction is of the most substantial and durable character; so that the Seminary, as it crowns the gently rising mound upon which it is reared, will remain there despite time and the elements for generation on generation. The architects are Messrs. Samuel T. Sloan and Addison Hutton.

The library now contains over 10,000 volumes, many of which are very valuable. As early as 1833, the Very Rev. Dr. Cullen, Rector of the Irish College at Rome, presented the Bishop of Philadelphia with a nucleus for his library, consisting of a complete edition of the

Councils of the Church, in eleven volumes, *Natalis Alexander's Church History*, in eighteen volumes, and other valuable works. In 1835 he sent one hundred and fifty more volumes, including *Baronius's Annals of the Church*, *Muratori's Annals of Italy*, *Ferrari's Bibliotheca*, *Benedict XIV*, and *Tombelli's Dissertations on the Sacraments*. Contributions were also sent by the Propaganda, by the Bishop of Strasbourg, by the Rev. John Hughes (afterwards Archbishop of New York), by Mr. M. A. Frenaye, by the Rev. Father Fouthouze, and the "Association of the Faith in Switzerland." The Seminary is also largely indebted to Rev. Edward Barron, D.D., who was superior in 1837, for the greater number of its books.

In the winter of 1839, Bishop Kenrick, feeling that the growing number of Catholics in the vicinity of that part of Philadelphia then known as "the village," warranted the founding of a new congregation, rented a frame house at the corner of Schuylkill Fourth (now Nineteenth Street) and Rittenhouse Streets. This building, with several others, had been transferred from the Navy Yard by Stephen Kingston, and was at one time used as a vinegar factory and carpenter shop. This was the first step taken towards the organization of St. Patrick's congregation.

In the summer of 1841, June 5th, a meeting was held in this frame chapel to take steps towards the erection of a new church. Dr. Nancrede presided, and Mr. D. Dale acted as secretary. Addresses were made by Very Rev. Michael O'Connor, V. G., and by Rev. C. J. H. Carter, Rev. John P. Dunn, and others on the part of the clergy, and by Dr. Stokes and the late William A. Stokes, Esq., on the part of the laity. A collection was taken up, and a sufficient amount realized to warrant taking steps immediately for the erection of the new St. Patrick's Church.

The corner-stone of the present edifice, at the corner of Twentieth and Rittenhouse Streets, was laid on July 4th, 1841, by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, Very Rev. P. E. Moriarty, D.D., O.S.A., preaching on the occasion. The work of construction progressed so rapidly that on December 5th of the same year, the church (100 by 60 feet) was so far completed as to permit of its being dedicated. This ceremony was performed by Very Rev. M. O'Connor, V. G. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Peter Paul Lefevre, Bishop of Trela and Administrator of Detroit. The dedication sermon was preached by Right Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, D.D., Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis.

St. Patrick's Church now took its place among the most prominent churches in the vicinity of Philadelphia (as it was then some distance from the city), and became the centre of a number of missions, for when Rev. Dr. O'Hara first went to St. Patrick's, in 1843, he attended all West Philadelphia, Blockley Almshouse, West Haverford, and Chester, in Pennsylvania, and Pleasant Mills, in New Jersey. In the course of time, as the city extended out towards St. Patrick's, the Catholics in the parish increased to such an extent as to allow the reverend clergy little time to attend to the outlying missions. These were one by one cut off, and they in turn were given resident pastors.

In 1850, the parochial school was erected. This was the second school of the kind opened in this city, the first being St. Mary's, as we saw in a former article. In 1857, the church was enlarged by Very Rev. Dr. O'Hara, the addition being that portion of the sacred edifice now comprised in the sanctuary, and extending thirty feet beyond the original back wall.

In 1859, the Very Rev. Dr. O'Hara built the present pastoral residence, the clergy residing prior

to this in a small house in the little street south of the church. In 1862, the pastor established St. Patrick's Academy for Young Ladies, and placed it under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. In 1866, he was enabled to purchase the present academy building, at the corner of Twentieth and Locust Streets, from Mr. Arthur White, for \$8000.

On the promotion of Right Rev. Dr. O'Hara to the See of Scranton, he was succeeded in the pastorate of St. Patrick's by the Rev. James E. Mulholland, who has followed up the work of the parish with zeal and energy. He soon purchased a lot (16 by 82 feet) back of the church, which he destined to school purposes. The main altar, of beautiful Italian marble, the only Roman altar in the city, which had been ordered by his predecessor, was completed by Father Mulholland. It cost \$3000. On November 19th, 1871, being now free from debt, St. Patrick's Church was solemnly consecrated. The ceremonies were of a most imposing character, and were witnessed by an immense concourse of people. The consecrator was the Right Rev. William O'Hara, D.D., Bishop of Scranton, who had been connected with this church for a quarter of a century. The pastor, Rev. James E. Mulholland, acted as archdeacon; Rev. Francis P. O'Neill, and Rev. Anthony Shields, acted as deacons, and the Rev. M. A. Ryan, and Rev. J. J. Boyle, acted as masters of ceremonies. After the consecration, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hara officiated as celebrant at the Solemn Pontifical Mass. Right Rev. J. F. Shanahan, D.D., was also present, and celebrated Pontifical Vespers in the evening. It is needless to add that there was a large attendance of the reverend clergy.

The year 1840 saw three churches in course of erection: St. Philip's (Queen Street above Second Street) was being built by the Rev. John Patrick Dunn, then attached to St.

Mary's; St. Francis', at Fairmount, founded by the Rev. William Whelan, of St. Michael's; and St. Patrick's, as seen above. The corner-stone of St. Philip's Church was laid in the winter of 1840, by Right Rev. John Hughes, Bishop of New York, and the new church was dedicated May 9th, 1841, by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick. Father Dunn removed from St. Mary's in 1841, and continued pastor of St. Philip's until 1845, when he was succeeded by his assistant, the Rev. Nicholas Cantwell, who was transferred from Pottsville to St. Philip's in January, 1844. Under his pastorate the church has been thoroughly renovated at different times. On June 21st, 1857, St. Philip's was solemnly consecrated by the Right Rev. John N. Neumann, C.S.S.R. Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. James F. Wood, D.D., Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia, who also preached on the occasion. It was in this church, too, that the forty hours' devotion, introduced into this country by Bishop Neumann, was first celebrated in this diocese.

Father Whelan's connection with the new St. Francis parish was only of short duration, and not without some trials. Fairmount was at that time inhabited by a class of people given to intemperance and its attendant vices, and good Father Whelan was often called upon to quell family brawls and public disorders. He was succeeded, in the following year, 1841, by the Rev. Patrick Rafferty, of Little York (now York, Pa.), who may be looked upon as the father of the parish. The original church has since been replaced by the present beautiful structure, erected by the Rev. James Maginn.

The corner-stone of St. Paul's Church was laid on May 7th, 1843, and the Rev. P. F. Sheridan, who had been appointed pastor, built the new church, and faithfully administered to the wants of the people

committed to his charge. In November, 1861, during Father Sheridan's absence in Europe, the church was burned to the ground. The loss was a heavy one, but Father Sheridan hurried home, and immediately went to work to rebuild his church on a larger and more beautiful model than before. The new church, one of the most handsome then in Philadelphia, was dedicated, September 21st, 1862, by Right Rev. Bishop Wood.

The year 1843 was also a year to be remembered among the German Catholics of Philadelphia. The only church they had up to that time was Holy Trinity, now grown entirely too small to accommodate the large increase of German Catholics in the city. Besides, the great bulk of the German population resided in the northeastern portion of the city, then known as Kensington.* It was evident that a new church was required in that vicinity. A suitable location was found on the corner of Fifth Street and Girard Avenue. The Redemptorist Fathers came to Philadelphia, and St. Peter's Church was founded. Rev. George Beraneck, C.S.S.R., was the first superior. He was assisted by Rev. H. Tappert, C.S.S.R. The congregation for a time worshipped in a frame chapel. They soon, however, laid the corner-stone of a fine church (76 by 100 feet, with a steeple 200 feet high). In the course of time the church was enlarged to 170 feet in length, the width at the rear 68 feet, and the front some 78 feet. Rising from the centre of the front is a huge tower, surmounted by a spire and a four-faced clock. The top of the cross is about 220 feet above the ground. The church is of the Roman order of architecture. The Fathers immediately opened a school for boys, and as soon as their means would warrant it, they invited the Bavarian School Sisters of Notre Dame, to take charge of their school for girls. The Redemptorist Fathers

have been eminently successful in Philadelphia. St. Peter's has grown into an immense parish, keeping seven or eight fathers constantly occupied. This parochial school is now attended by some 1500 children.

As far back as 1830, Summit Hill, Carbon County, was attended from Pottsville by Rev. Fathers Courtney and Wainwright. It afterwards became attached to Beaver Meadows and Tamaqua (1843-49); then to Nesquehoning from May 1st, 1849, to June 1st, 1850, when St. Joseph's became an independent parish, with a pastor of its own.

Among the early pastors who attended Summit Hill, may be mentioned Father Molloney, from Beaver Meadows, and subsequently from Tamaqua, who visited it occasionally and attended to the spiritual wants of the Summit till 1844—the time of the Philadelphia church-burnings. The present church was then commenced, and regularly attended by him until 1849, when he became pastor at Honesdale, and was succeeded in Tamaqua, the Summit, and Nesquehoning by Father Hannegan. The latter, in 1850, prepared a schoolroom in the basement of the church, fifty feet by thirty feet, and soon after commenced to enlarge the church to one hundred feet by thirty feet, but left this work to be finished, in 1852-53, by Rev. Ambrose Manahan, D.D., who, having fitted up three rooms in the east end of the church, became the first resident pastor. Dr. Manahan went to New York February 7th, 1853, and Rev. James Morris, of Tamaqua, attended St. Joseph's until April of the same year, when it was transferred to the pastoral charge of Rev. P. C. Caffrey, of Mauch Chunk, who attended it until September, 1854.

In October, 1855, Rev. Basil Shorb became resident pastor, and built the pastoral residence. He found some old pecuniary claims against the church, from the time of

Father Hannegan, but as these were not deemed strictly canonical, he defeated the claimants in the courts. In August, 1858, having released the church by successful litigation, Father Shorb returned as pastor to his native place in Adams County.

Rev. Hugh Magorien succeeded Father Shorb, and during his pastorate of two years, built what was called the *office* of the residence, and made considerable improvements about the church. His health failing, in August, 1860, he was succeeded by the Rev. James Kelly, who, in the fall of 1860, removed the rooms from the church, built a sanctuary outside the one hundred feet, added twenty-one pews to the church, and commodiously connected it with the pastoral residence. He also saw the cemetery trebled in dimensions and inclosed by a solid wall, and the church and house double-roofed and made tempest-proof. He was succeeded in 1872 by the Rev. John J. McElroy, who, in turn, was succeeded by Rev. James A. Brehony.

Since the opening of the public schools in that district, the school in the basement of the church was discontinued for want of suitable support, and the children—some two hundred in number—have to rely, for learning the Catechism, on the Sunday-school, under the management of the pastor and his assistants.

A Total Abstinence Society was established at the Summit, in 1868, by Father Kelly, and it worked great improvement in the general habits of the people.

The Catholic souls of the Summit amounted, in 1872, to about 1900 (they are said to have decreased somewhat since then, owing to emigration caused by a lack of work), the old people being mostly from Donegal and Derry, in the north of Ireland. The baptisms for eleven years, prior to 1872, averaged eighty-five yearly, and the marriages eleven.

For eleven years, if not, also, from the outset, for various reasons—among which are the strikes in latter years, and the want, in winter, of an outlet for the shipment of coal—the men at the Summit had not employment for more than six months in the year, hence their comparative poverty and its consequences.

A few persons still remaining at the Summit, who left Ireland in the years of the straws and cholera, remember Father Courtney, and his making some parties who had been before Squire Holland renew their matrimonial consent. They also remember how Mr. Barnes, an Irish Calvinist, if not an Orangeman also, in 1843 refused the key of the old schoolhouse to Father Molloney to celebrate Mass there, as had been customary, and how this discourtesy led to the application to the county for ground for the church. Mr. Barnes's unhappy death near Tamaqua some years ago, is connected by the simple people with this act of bigotry and intolerance, if not as its effect at least as its punishment.

Soon after the coal (the first discovered in America) was found here, a few distinguished men from the north of Ireland became contractors or agents for the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company at the Summit. They attracted their countrymen, Catholics and Protestants in nearly equal numbers. The Welsh bosses and miners, afterwards a power at the Summit, are a much later importation. Old Mr. McLane and son, from Coleraine, are now passed away, and Mr. Patterson, whose father was from St. Johnston, near Derry, and who has been the company's superintendent for years, still remains* (wonderfully fresh for his years), and is the connecting link between those days when the men were paid their wages in the company's scrip and the "giggers" of

* He was there in 1872, when the writer visited the Summit, and is, perhaps, still living.

bad whisky, and the subsequent better times when the company could well afford, and was trying to be honest and impartial. It may not be out of place here to add that the first boss in the Summit mines was an Irishman, named McTrainor; now, out of a dozen bosses, there is not one who is either a Catholic or an Irishman. The late Father Kelly has had all his skill and tact called into exercise, from time to time, by the "Mollies," the "Fenians," the temperance politicians, and the old W. B. A. strikers, but it is now generally conceded that if some evils still remain, there are brighter and happier days before the good people.

Ex uno disce omnes !

The year 1844 was an eventful year in the history of Catholicity in Philadelphia. Its history is a record of outrage, fire, and bloodshed, and is a disgrace to any country, but much more so to one founded upon the grand principle of religious toleration. A spirit of anti-Catholic agitation breaks out periodically in our country, and is kept alive by a set of brawling demagogues, who cannot exist without attacking the Pope and the Catholic Church. The anti-Catholic agitation, which had been brewing for some time in different parts of the country, culminated in Philadelphia, in 1844, by the burning of churches and the murder of innocent people. It is not our purpose, in this paper, to go into the full details of these disgraceful events, but we cannot pass over this period in complete silence. It may be sufficient for us to say that Native Americanism let loose its spirit of hostility upon the Catholic Church, because it knew full well that hostility to the Catholic Church was a strong recommendation of its measures to a large portion of the people, who, in the ignorance and fanaticism of their minds, regard the "love of God" and a "hatred of Popery" to mean one and the same thing. Nor was the press less blame-

worthy. There was no end to the scurrilous books that appeared, one after another, teeming with "awful disclosures" about convent life, and there were thousands of people ready to believe that monasteries and convents were sinks of iniquity, that Catholics were the enemies of civil and religious liberty, and that it would be doing God good service to exterminate them from the land. Protestant associations were established in all parts of the country, with the avowed object of protecting the freedom of the country against the inroads of Popery. Catholic workingmen and Catholic servants were never to be employed, and no support was to be given to Catholic orphans. Ministers everywhere preached against the abominations of Popery. Apostate monks were lionized, feasted, and wined so long as they were willing to cry out against the Inquisition, the celibacy of the clergy, confession, etc. Thus it was that Hogan, Giustiniani, and Leahy became great stars for a time.

No wonder, then, that the public mind soon became excited to the highest pitch, and that men were found ready to commit the greatest outrages. The Irish, too, came in for their share of abuse and misrepresentation, while the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools was a great card in the hands of the *Natives*, who made it their rallying cry. On May 3d, 1844, an anti-Catholic meeting was held in Philadelphia, in which the Irish people and the Catholic Church came in for a large share of abuse and calumny. The meeting, it is said, was disturbed by the Irish people, in whose quarter of the city the meeting was held, with the undoubted purpose of exciting a breach of the peace. A pretext was all that was wanted for an explosion, and the pretext was found. On the 6th, an armed mob moved down upon the Irish quarter, and the latter sought to defend themselves. On the following morning,

Bishop Kenrick issued an address to Catholics, which was posted up throughout the city, calling upon them "to follow peace and charity." These were immediately torn down by the Natives, and treated with brutal insult. An American banner with a motto exciting indignation against the "Irish Papists," was paraded through the streets. On the afternoon of May 7th, while fire and murder were desolating one portion of the city, a public meeting was held in another, presided over by a minister, while another minister introduced a series of resolutions maintaining the Bible in the public schools, and expressing a determination to do so "in despite of the efforts of naturalized and unnaturalized foreigners to eject it therefrom." This meeting also asserted its belief that "*the recently successful efforts of the friends of the Bible in the District of Kensington was the inciting cause which resulted in the murderous scenes of the 6th instant.*" What all this had to do with the question before the meeting it is difficult to imagine. The object of its reference is clear enough. Immediately upon the passage of the resolutions the meeting adjourned "by acclamation" "to the scene of the riot," where they doubtless took part in encouraging "the friends of the Bible" to the most Christian possible use of the torch and the gun. Blood and conflagration followed. Houses were laid in ashes, and women and children were driven from their homes, and men were shot down or burned in the ruins of their dwellings. The good and pious Bishop was obliged to fly for his life to Ivy Mills, in the disguise of a Quaker.

On the afternoon of May 8th, the mob moved towards St. Michael's, and before ten o'clock the church was in ashes. The rioters shouted as they saw the flames consuming what the hard-earned contributions of the poor Irish had erected, and the papers tell us that "when the cross

at the peak of the roof fell, they gave *three cheers*, and a fife and drum played the Boyne Water." No house was safe unless the words, "No Popery here," was written upon its doors. Two hours later, the convent erected by Father O'Donohue for the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, was consumed by the flames, and the same night St. Augustine's was in ruins. The mob had again shouted as the emblem of man's salvation fell dishonored at their feet. "In that same spire," said the late venerable Archbishop Spalding, "was the old clock, once belonging to the State House. It had told the hours while in 1776 the Declaration of American Independence grew into form and life beneath it. It had proclaimed the moment when that declaration went forth bearing the tidings of civil and religious emancipation. Alas! that it should have been fated to such a fall,—that so precious a memorial of ancient honor should have perished on American soil among the desecrated shrines of Christian devotion!" "Left upon the dishonored walls of St. Augustine's, still visible amid the traces of shame and pollution, are the warning words, 'THE LORD SEETH!' When, on the Sunday following the riots, the bells of the Catholic temples were silent—no throng of worshippers at their gates—no voice of prayer beneath their arches—no incense rising before their altars with songs of praise—those solemn words must have stricken with humiliation and awe the heart of every ingenuous man upon whose sight they fell." Happily the churches were not all deserted on the following Sunday. St. Francis' Church was open as usual. Masses were celebrated at the same hours as on other Sundays, and good Father Rafferty displayed the greatest courage not only on this occasion, but, when his church was threatened, and the military showed signs of weakness, he, with the approval of the authorities, dismissed

the military and assumed the protection of his church himself. The mob knew who they had to deal with, and St. Francis' Church was saved.

The large and valuable library of the St. Augustinian Fathers shared the fate of their beautiful but ill-fated church. After the library was plundered, the books were piled up and burned. The Rev. Mr. Goodman, a Protestant minister, in his pamphlet entitled *The Truth Unveiled, by a Protestant and Native Philadelphian*, says:

"With confusion of face, yet with impartial justice before men and angels, the writer will state that in the season of that terrible scourge (the cholera), the Rev. Mr. Hurley, priest of St. Augustine's, converted the rectory, then in his occupancy, into a cholera hospital, and placed it under control of the proper authorities. The doors of his quiet home were thrown wide open, and, unmindful of the inconvenience to which such an act subjected him, he not only invited the guardians of the city's health to deposit the victims of the pestilence in his house, but was employed himself without intermission in seeking out the wretched creatures upon whom the dreadful disease had fallen. Every room in his mansion was appropriated to the divine work; his own chamber was given to the dying, and that study where he had learned his Master's will was made the practical commentary of the judgment he had formed of it. Out of 367 patients, which had been received in this private asylum of a heavenly charity, *forty-eight* only were Catholics—the remainder were professing Protestants." "Go to that rectory; mark that it is in ruins, that the very hospital has been burnt by miscreants, who dare to profane the name of Protestantism, when they apply the torch to the home of Catholic priests."

On May 9th the authorities awoke from their slumbers, and martial law was proclaimed. Had this been

done three days before, civilization would have been spared the blush of shame, and the city a heavy bill of damages. But no, it was only the interests of a few Irish Catholics that were at stake, and that was a matter of little or no consequence. Subsequent results proved the contrary. It is a matter of fact that on the 6th, when the militia were first called out, they refused to take up arms unless they got their pay in advance. On the 7th they obeyed the call of the authorities; but when defied by the rioters, at last their officers were compelled to order them to fire, the militia, like some during the recent railroad strike, replied: "We cannot fire on our brethren!" and St. Michael's Church was consumed before their eyes. Nor was this all. While the plunder and conflagration was at its height, the mayor and sheriff were consulting the attorney-general as to how much force they could use to put down a riot, the reply was: "Use just as much as is necessary."

When order was at last restored, the authorities ignobly sought to make it appear that the whole thing had been the wild and thoughtless freak of a few boys, and the mayor issued a proclamation calling upon parents "to keep their boys at home." The grand jury, too, in its investigation of the matter, acted in a most shameful manner by trying to throw the blame on the Irish Catholics. In "the efforts of a portion of the community to exclude the Bible from the public schools, the jury are of opinion that these efforts, in some measure, gave rise to the formation of a new party, which called and held public meetings in the district of Kensington, in the peaceful exercise of the sacred rights and privileges guaranteed to every citizen by the Constitution and laws of the State and country. These meetings were rudely disturbed and fired upon by a band of lawless, irresponsible men, some of whom had resided in

our country only for a short period. This outrage, causing the death of a number of our unoffending citizens, led to immediate retaliation, and was followed up by subsequent acts of aggression in violation and open defiance of all law."

This disgraceful and dishonorable effort, in the presentment of the grand jury of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the May term of 1844, to exonerate the Natives, was met by the Catholics in a manner that left them no loophole through which to escape, and made their falsehood and duplicity evident to the whole world. It was clearly proved that Irishmen were the first victims, and that the attacks of Catholics upon the Bible were all moonshine. Truth triumphed, and men of good faith were convinced. But the weakness displayed by the authorities, and their evident sympathy with Nativism, in a few weeks opened the way for the rioters in another part of the city.

The anniversary of American Independence came around, and the Natives must, as a matter of course, have their great demonstration. Catholics, heeding the voice of their pastors, kept aloof from this procession, and everything passed off quietly. During the night, however, between the evening of the 4th and the morning of the 5th, an affray occurred at Fisher's Woods between a party of disorderly persons and another party having charge of the tents, booths, etc., used by the Natives, and a few of the latter were maltreated. Immediately this was distorted into a brutal attack upon Americans by a gang of Irish, who, in addition to beating men and maltreating women, had torn down and burned the American flag!!! It turned out afterwards that there was scarcely a word of truth in this statement, and none at all as regards Irishmen. The combatants on both sides were Americans, and if the American flag was "torn and burned," it was by Native hands. But

the lie was too good to be lost. "The American flag torn and trampled under foot by Irish Papists" had been too useful already in provoking bloodshed and arson, and the corrupt and dastardly press spread the tale, with suitable embellishments, before their readers on the following day, and sent it all over the Union. The lie did its work. It was immediately seized by the ill-disposed, and a general excitement was gotten up. This was increased by the report that on the evening of July 3d, some stands of arms had been taken into the church of St. Philip de Neri, in Southwark. On the evening of the 5th the "Natives" assembled in considerable numbers around the church, and with threats demanded *that the arms be removed*. The sheriff, who was on the ground, proceeded to comply with this request, and under his direction twelve muskets were taken from the church and carried off by a portion of the mob with shouts of triumph. The great body of the crowd persisted that there were more arms in the building; the sheriff "thought it prudent" to make another search, and by his permission, Wright Ardis, one of those concerned in the Kensington riots against the Irish, with a party of twenty others selected from the mob, entered the church, and after making a thorough search, found, as the "Native" papers assert, more arms and ammunition, which they removed, and then took charge of the church. Now the arms said to have been found were placed there by permission of the governor for perfectly legal purposes, since events of a few weeks previous made it necessary to meet any emergency that might arise, and Catholic churches were liable to be attacked at any time. But Wright Ardis and his loyal twenty were not doomed to retain possession of their prize for a long time. At 9 o'clock General Patterson arrived and relieved him, and placed Captain Hill, of the

City Guards, in charge. A strong military and police force soon dispersed the mob.

On Saturday, July 6th, according to the *Philadelphia Chronicle*, "knots and crowds of people were in the neighborhood, some peaceable, others using threatening language, on account of the muskets having been found in the church." Observe the eagerness with which the "Native" press sought to find excuse for threats.

There was no outbreak, however, until about ten o'clock at night, when several rushes were made upon the military and the police. General Cadwalader ordered his troops to be prepared to fire if necessary. Finally, Colonel Pleasanton, finding that the arrival of large numbers of rioters bearing upon him from different directions threatened to break his line, after repeated warning, gave the word to Captain Robert K. Scott, of the "Cadwalader Grays," to fire. The mob finding that these officers meant business, broke and fled in all directions. The firmness of the officers had a most salutary effect. In less than an hour the mob had deserted the streets, and general quiet reigned. The civil authorities remained until 3 o'clock Sunday morning, when they left the ground, drawing off most incautiously, if not criminally, their whole force, civil and military, with the exception of one company, the Hibernian Greens, who were most imprudently left in charge of the church, and of a certain politician, Charles K. Naylor, who had been arrested by order of Gen. Cadwalader for attempting to interfere with the military when they were ordered to fire.

Sunday, July 7th, was indeed a day of horrors. The crowd gathered again and returned to St. Philip's, demanding the release of their favorite, Naylor, and threatening vengeance unless their wishes were complied with. As this was not done immediately the rioters procured two cannons, which they loaded with spikes,

scraps of iron, etc. They were about to fire upon the church, when one of the aldermen rendered one of their guns useless by pouring water into the touchhole. The mob, however, beat down the door and bore off their favorite in triumph. The next aim of the "Natives" was to dislodge the few Hibernian Greens from the church. Their remaining cannon was brought to bear upon the building, and fired repeatedly. The holes made in the walls may be seen to this day. The Greens were obliged to come out of the church, and were assailed with bricks and stones. They refrained from using their firearms for their own protection. Being pursued for several squares, and seeing their comrades falling around them, one rank faced about and fired into their assailants, wounding several of them. The mob, incensed at this, fell upon the poor Greens in overwhelming numbers, and scattered them in all directions. One of their number, who sought refuge in a house near by, was pursued and treated with the greatest cruelty and indignity. The rioters triumphed for a time, and for two or three days had things their own way. St. Philip's Church fell into their hands, and was sacked and desecrated. At last Governor Porter arrived upon the scene, and a sufficient military force was called into requisition, and Generals Patterson and Cadwalader drove the rioters back to their stronghold at Red Bank. The military suffered for a time, as they were at the mercy of the rioters' cannon, which, planted at the lower end of Queen Street, did great execution. Many lives were lost and much property destroyed.

When quiet was restored in Southwark, the rioters made a demonstration on St. John's Church (Thirteenth Street), but here General Cadwalader met them, and his short but telling speech, backed up by artillery that he was determined to use if necessary, dispersed the mob and practically put an end to the riots.

General Cadwalader's prompt action and his courage and firmness on every occasion elicited the highest commendation, and he was afterwards presented with a magnificent sword.

In reviewing the incidents of the Philadelphia riots, we have endeavored to be as fair as possible, and the events we have described are gathered from the public journals of the day. We have refrained from entering into minor details, and have passed over many events which, though interesting in themselves, had better be forgotten. If we have blamed the authorities for supineness we are certainly justified in doing so by the showing of the "Native"

papers of the day. We hope we have done injustice to none. Happily those days are passed; a better feeling pervades the masses of the American people. Foreign-born Catholics, too, have, when occasion required, shown that they are ready and willing to sacrifice themselves and be sacrificed for the welfare of the land of their adoption.

Following the riots of '44 came a period of peace and prosperity for the diocese of Philadelphia. New churches, convents, colleges, asylums, etc., sprang up as if by magic on every side, and if its history has been clouded by one dark page, it only serves to bring out the others more prominently.

MARGARET MASTEN.

THE weather was very warm for April. Margaret Masten opened the door leading on to the porch, and seated herself on the little rocking-chair opposite. She was very tired this evening, and felt that she had earned the right to an hour's idleness. The spring house-cleaning was happily over—solemnly concluded that very afternoon. Her own fair hands had raked the little flower-garden in front of the parlor windows, and set its prim plots in order, as they had done every spring for twelve years past. Twelve years past! Margaret's thoughts had gone back to her girlhood, for the morrow would be her twenty-eighth birthday.

She wondered, in her gentle, pensive way, if any woman of her age had ever lived a life so dull and uneventful as hers thus far had been. No great sorrow had come to her, and no great joy. Her schooldays were the brightest she could remember, but they had ended prematurely.

She had had no pleasant social life. The Mastens were too poor to keep up with the requirements of that circle to which their refinement and intelligence assigned them. Arthur Masten could not rise above his poorly paid clerkship. There were three children, all much younger than Margaret, and hard enough would it prove, he feared, to provide for their necessities in a simple way, and to afford them, as they grew up, moderate educational advantages.

So Margaret stayed at home and helped her mother with the housework and the sewing, and relieved her greatly of the care of the little boys and baby Blanche. In these employments the first years of her youth went by, and she hardly realized how dull was the routine of her life, and how different from that of the girls who had been her school companions. She did not count her lot a hard one, nor did she dream of indulging in the cheap luxury of "sweet self-pity." She had youth

and health. She was almost beautiful. Her disposition was hopeful and serene, and she had been brought up in sentiments of practical piety, that made her love all that was of God's ordaining. Besides, there was a tender, romantic vein in her nature that gilded the prosiest days with visions of sweet possibilities.

Margaret did not know that their well-to-do neighbors often compassionated her toilsome, monotonous existence, and said, that with her good looks and sweet temper she would make an excellent match, had she half the opportunities of other girls. She was happier without the knowledge.

Her life had its simple pleasures, the more keenly relished because so few.

"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love."

She liked to keep the little home neat and cheerful, and to know that she was trusted and relied on. Then, too, glimpses of the world of gayety and fashion shone in upon her sometimes. Her former schoolmates did not forget her. Perhaps, all unconsciously, they cared the more for her because there was no possibility of her rivalling any of them in that society from which her poverty excluded her. They found it pleasant and restful to spend an afternoon occasionally at Masten's. They were sure of a cordial welcome, and of Margaret's girlish interest in their pleasures, and quick sympathy with their disappointments. It was easy, in return, to invite her to a quiet tea once in a while, and very agreeable to witness her honest admiration of their new dresses and jewels, and to have the benefit of her correct taste and apt suggestions in matters pertaining to personal adornment. It was safe, even, to send her invitations to their parties, for she had, as they knew, too much sense and spirit to accept them, never possessing a toilet suitable for such occasions.

Thus Margaret grew to woman-

hood. The little china card-basket on the mahogany centre table held the wedding cards of many of the associates of her girlhood. They were having their love dreams, while she was spending time, and thought, and strength on those pitiful contrivances under which proud poverty strives to wear the aspect of moderate means. They had settled in new, and, for the most part, in distant homes, while Margaret seemed an integral part of her father's cottage, and had not been out of Scottsbury three times in her life. Not the faintest shadow of

"The love
Of man and woman when they love their best,"

had ever come to Margaret. But stay—she had a lover. Even now she could not recall poor Lawrence Loomis without a smile. How annoyed and ashamed she was in those days of her fastidious girlhood, when she found herself the object of his bashful affection. The "other girls" designated him "the homeliest, worst-dressed fellow in Scottsbury," and Margaret agreed in their verdict, though out of pure pity she always answered with a pleasant word and a friendly smile his confused and almost unintelligible greeting. He did not intrude his attentions on her. He felt intuitively that they would be most unwelcome, and deservedly so, he said within himself. He was grateful to her for tolerating his acquaintance, and there was something so humble and hopeless in the expression of his admiration, that she had not the heart to manifest her annoyance at his shy advances, but contented herself with avoiding them.

He had come to Scottsbury to attend college. He was an indefatigable student; a promising one, the professor said; but his shabby clothes and rustic manner were against him with his classmates. But the tall, lank, freckle-faced, bushy-haired youth was not dismayed at this, and

only laughed good-naturedly at the euphonious nickname, "Larry Looney," which they bestowed on him. He trudged manfully to the college day by day, happy because he could have a glimpse of Margaret's home on his way thither. But one day his place in his class was vacant. That evening he might have been seen passing and repassing in front of Masten's, pausing irresolutely at the gate, and turning away again, until at last he was delivered from his dilemma by the appearance of Margaret herself, who had come out to call the children to supper. She flushed with annoyance at the sight of her admirer standing in front of the house with a well-worn travelling satchel in one hand, and a rose plant in a scarlet flower-pot in the other; but she bade him good evening as pleasantly as was her wont, and paused with a bewildered look in her pretty blue eyes as he stammered out some incoherent words about going away, and hoping she'd remember him sometimes, and accept the flower he'd brought her. She knew that Matilda Robbins was watching her from the window across the way, but she could not bear to send the poor fellow on his journey with a wound in his heart, so she took the flower, wished him good-bye, and felt immensely relieved when she learned next morning that his departure from Scottsbury was final. She thought over that funny little episode again to-night. How long ago it had happened!

Her opportunities of making new acquaintances had been but rare, and her days began to grow duller and more monotonous. Sometimes she caught herself distinguishing them by the occupations which they brought with them, as "washing-day," "ironing-day," "baking-day," etc., succeeded one another with unvarying regularity; and her anticipations of spring or autumn brought visions of the semi-annual house-cleaning, rather than of odorous violets or falling leaves.

Her father was growing prematurely old and careworn. Charles was apprenticed in a printing office, but was always grieving that he could not have a collegiate course. Edward, as soon as he had been confirmed, set his heart on studying for the Church. Blanche was developing into an imperious little beauty, the darling of home, which she ruled right royally, and the earthly light of her sister's life.

The mother was unhappy, thinking of the future. Why were her children, so handsome and so gifted, deprived of the advantages which were lavished on those who could not half so well appreciate or profit by them? She did not mean to question the ways of Providence, but it seemed very hard that she should be growing old without seeing any of her children provided for, or advanced beyond the necessity of the struggle to keep body and soul together, in which she had been obliged to bring them up.

Margaret was the confidante of all these repinings. At first, she tried to solace them with hopeful pictures of the happy future she had so long looked for, and which must now be drawing near, for the childlike buoyancy of her spirit had not yet deserted her; but these attempts at consolation were but coldly received, and filial respect forbade words that might be construed into a reminder of the duty of resignation. How often poor Margaret used to wish that she was of the number of the gifted ones, who by their labors reap a glad harvest of profit and praise for themselves and those they love. Right willingly, though, would she have foregone praise for profit. But she had not the germs of genius in her. Under no circumstances could she have budded into musician, artist, or authoress. She was only a pretty, amiable woman, moderately intelligent, and tolerably well-informed, with a loving, sensitive heart, that would have made any

lawful sacrifice for its dear ones. She dared not seek employment outside her home. Domestic drudgery, provided it was performed in one's own family, was, according to her parents' theory, preferable to any of the other ordinary ways in which women have to earn their livelihood.

Then, for the first time, it dawned on Margaret that she was not exactly fulfilling the hopes that had been built on her, and the thought sometimes made her very sad. What more could she have done with the opportunities that had been granted her? Looking back on the past, she could find little wherewith to reproach herself on that score. What could she do but endeavor still further to forget herself, that she might the more contribute to the happiness of those about her? She prayed often, earnestly, tearfully, that God would bless her parents' advancing years with a share of earthly prosperity, and give to her beloved Blanche a brighter youth than hers had been. And then, for she was but human, she prayed for the human cravings of her own heart. She hardly knew what she was pleading for; but in lonely times and quiet places she could sometimes comfort herself for a little while with dreams of a strong sheltering love, of a home her very own, of power to befriend her dear ones in delicate and thoughtful ways, and to relieve the poor and suffering whom she could little more than pity now, and I think those dreams colored her prayers more than she was conscious of. So the years passed on, and brought her to this April evening, and still her prayers and her dreams, either for herself or her kindred, seemed far from answer or fulfilment.

True, her brother, next in age to herself, though five years her junior, had worked his way up from the rank of printer's "devil," and developing a decided aptitude for journalism rather than for typesetting, was now on the staff of the Scotts-

bury *Morning News*, and Edward was nearing the accomplishment of his heart's desire, being in his second year at the theological seminary at N——.

But these events made little change in Margaret's existence. Her simple joys seemed daily diminishing. Companions of her girlhood when visiting in Scottsburry, had generally called on her for the sake of "*auld lang syne*." One or two had maintained a fitful correspondence with her, but for many months past she seemed to have been forgotten, and surely

"It is a weary thing to be forgot."

She was very sad to-night, not passionately or complainingly, but in the quiet helpless way that comported with her nature. What had her life shaped itself into?—a routine of household drudgery, unrelieved by any pleasurable excitement, uncomfited by those little manifestations of tenderness so dear to every woman's heart, no matter how many years her life has numbered. Her family loved her in a matter of course way. They could not well have spared that gentle patient service so affectionately rendered. Margaret had a store of unobtrusive sympathy which her parents could draw upon in all their anxious days. She had a wealth of bright encouragement to lavish on the plans and projects of the younger hearts of the household. But to whom among her kindred could she speak of her own steadily growing heart-pain, and fast-fading hope? Ah! they would not understand, why trouble them? God knew, and some day she would know why this sombre life had been decreed for her.

The moonlight streamed in through door and windows. House and street alike were unwontedly still. A lonely nervous feeling overmastered her. She would go out and sit with Blanche awhile; she had left her in the dining-room, poring

over *Grapes and Thorns*. She could not stay another minute in this weird twilight.

Suddenly, a shadow fell athwart the doorway. She sprang up, half frightened. A man stood on the threshold. He advanced a step or two into the apartment as she arose.

"Miss Masten?" he said, inquiringly.

There was something familiar in the voice, she thought, as she answered briefly, and opening the door communicating with the dining-room, requested Blanche to bring in a lamp.

"My brother has gone to the office," she continued, supposing the gentleman to be one of Charles's newspaper acquaintances. Blanche came in with the lamp in her hand, and a fair light-bringer she was, her fluffy golden hair blown back with the soft breeze, and her bright eyes dilated somewhat at the sight of the fine-looking stranger, who stood leaning on the mantel-piece, and gazing so earnestly at her sister.

"You do not remember me," he said regretfully, for Margaret returned his gaze without any sign of recognition.

"No," she answered, "I cannot recall having ever seen you before."

"Am I then so changed? You have not changed, Miss Masten;" and he glanced admiringly at the sweet, refined face, and lithe girlish figure. The possession of "a meek and quiet spirit," and exemption from the exigencies of fashionable society, are powerful aids in preserving health and good looks. Many a girl ten summers younger might have envied Margaret's perfect complexion, full bright eyes, and abundant chestnut hair.

"I am Lawrence Loomis. Don't you remember my pet name with the college boys?" he added, smiling.

"But it isn't possible—"

"That I am he? It is even so. I am flattered if I seem to you transformed, rather than changed, Miss

Masten. Scottsbury looks much as I left it. It will be twelve years in June since I was here."

"A long time," said Margaret, softly.

"Very, very long it has seemed to me," he rejoined, "though it has been somewhat eventful. I enlisted during the second year of the war (almost immediately after I left here), and served until its close. Then I went to Alton, and resumed the study of the profession I had chosen. Ere long, I had the satisfaction of adding 'M.D.' to my signature. I rose in my calling slowly at first, but steadily. Of late years my practice has increased wonderfully, leaving me but little time for rest or pleasure. But now, leaving my affairs in safe hands, I've begun my first vacation. Ah! Miss Masten," he continued, in a voice so changed from the calm, even tone in which he had been speaking, that she looked up startled, "you would not dream how I have longed for this hour! But let me finish the story I have come so far to tell you. I have never lost sight of you. Not a day in all these years, has passed away unbrightened by the thought of you. Often I have been on the point of writing to you, but something seemed to bid me wait. I was long in humble circumstances, with urgent duties claiming all my earnings and all the time that I could spare from my business. My poor invalid mother, may she rest in peace (you never knew of her, I think), passed away from a life that was long an almost daily martyrdom, a year ago. My only sister has just entered the convent at Carondelet. I have a beautiful little home in Alton, waiting for one to whom I would give a palace were it mine. Oh, Margaret, natures like mine change not readily. No one has ever shared the love I gave you long ago. Can you reward it with your own? But pardon my inconsiderate haste. Think rather of all that I have said to you to-

night, and later you will tell me, dear, if you can learn to love me."

Poor Margaret! It seemed to her that it might not be so hard a task, as she listened to those fond and earnest tones, and contrasted the courteous, handsome man who stood before her with the awkward, unpolished lad of her girlhood's acquaintance. But it was all so sudden, she must consider it well, she told him timidly, not trusting herself to meet his eyes as she bade him good-night.

What a strange time followed! It was new and sweet to be cared for with tenderness so evident and unforgetting. Then the satisfaction of her family was so manifest that Margaret felt it would be a keen disappointment to them if she rejected Lawrence Loomis's offer. So, when he came one day as his vacation was drawing to a close, and begged for a decisive answer, she gave him the one which he desired. Gently,

delicately, assiduously, his love pursued its purpose, till it

"Wrought into her heart
A way through love which wakened love within,
To answer that which came."

By-and-by, he returned to Alton with his bride, and to both of them

"This earth was Peri-land awhile."

* * * * *

"Oh, what a colorless story!" says my reader, if, indeed, she has come thus far with me. "Now if Lawrence had fallen in love with Blanche, but had bravely renounced all thought of her, and married Margaret; or, better still, if Margaret, like the elder sister in *Bertha in the Lane*, had discovered the true state of affairs, and pined away and died, it would have been so much more interesting."

Yes, dear girl, but there are lives into which tragedy does not enter, and "love's sure cross," even, can come sometimes in very unromantic ways.

ON THE INTRUSION OF CERTAIN PROFESSORS OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE INTO THE REGION OF FAITH AND MORALS.

WHEN a layman and a busy man of the world presumes to address a Catholic Academia on a subject in which theology is involved, some explanation will naturally be looked for, as to why he should occupy such a position. My explanation or excuse is this: that none but a man of the world, moving among all classes of lay life, and keeping pace with the general current of secular thought in England, can be aware of the great peril that threatens to destroy, not the Catholic Church merely, but religion at its very taproot. Further, that a Catholic layman, who has to encounter, almost daily, the aggressive or passive materialism of the day, and has found

he can walk among it, as he must, and keep at once his faith and self-respect, may be as likely as any one to speak a word in reason to others similarly situated. Happy, thrice happy, those who can pursue the even tenor of their way through life, and never encounter the dread spectre that overshadows Christendom! To all such I say, "keep the faith of your childhood, and do not touch or look, even with a passing glance, at this dangerous enemy;" but the Catholics of our middle classes *must* encounter it, must be mixed up with it, if they are to live at all.

My subject is at once vast and deep, and I can only rapidly indicate lines of thought, cannot at-

tempt to exhaust them. I must therefore deal in assertion rather than proof, and against my wish appear dogmatic. Whence comes this great, present, and future peril to Christendom? From the *dicta*, the assumptions, the reckless ultra-scientific and anti-scientific teachings of certain professors of natural science. By a late *Pastoral*, read in the diocese of Nottingham, I gather that the bishops look with especial dread on the infidel school of metaphysicians, and warn the faithful by name, against Mill and Bain. I hope I am not presumptuous, when I say, that to my mind no peril of moment is likely to come from that quarter, and that the names to be mentioned should rather have been Tyndall and Huxley. I doubt whether in the whole diocese of Nottingham there could be found five people among the entire population, Protestant and Catholic, who ever read a line of the *infidel* teachings of Mill or Bain, so as to have had their faith weakened by them, directly or indirectly; but I could find thousands, I am afraid, who have gone through this simple formula: the teachings of physical science are true—Tyndall and Huxley are supreme authorities in science—they tell us that there is no personal God—*ergo*, there is not. How far this gangrene has entered into the Catholic fold, I know not. I am flung almost entirely among Protestants, and I do not know one, who reads and thinks, who believes any one of the essentials of Christianity, and I know many who do not believe in the immortality of the soul. All these have got their disbelief from the assertions and assumptions of modern physical science. The English people have no taste for metaphysics—the great bulk of humanity has none—but they are keenly alive to the practical, and when a body of men can be found, who say to them, is not astronomy true? Don't you fly about in trains at fifty miles an

hour? Have you not telegraphs from America received here at three, before the sun has marked one there? Well, then, by the same process by which we have achieved these results, we absolutely demonstrate that man is an animal who dies like a dog, and that there is no God. As long, I say, as this is put before the mass of people whose natural tendency is to dread a day of judgment, and to fear a righteous God, the man of science will sap, as he is surely sapping, the bases of all belief.

There are three ways to meet these modern *Kakangelists*—who, nearly nineteen hundred years after the angelic salutation to the shepherds, appear and cry, “Behold, we bring you bad tidings of unutterable woe and misery to the human race. You are only a superior animal, you have no soul, you will never live again, except as so much gas and chemicals, and there is no God who can hear your prayers.” One way is to deny their scientific facts, and say that they and their scientific facts and ultra-scientific inferences are all alike, false and damnable. This will not answer, because in the first place it is not true, and in the second the man of science will prove his scientific facts to demonstration, so that the people who hear them *must* believe them, as surely as they believe they have noses on their faces. The second is to advise the faithful to pull the bedclothes over their heads and say their prayers, as children do when they fancy there is a ghost in the room, and this course, inasmuch as the nearer we approach the spirit of childhood the closer we are to God, is the proper course to recommend to the vast majority. Every human being born into this world is bound to do his best to live a decent life in it, and save his soul alive, but not more than one in a hundred has any occasion to know anything about science at all, and not more than one in a million has any occasion to enter these “high-

falutin' " theoretical regions of scientific speculation. The third course, applicable to those who like myself are, for one reason or another, compelled to be mixed up with such speculations, is to walk boldly up to the spectre, take off the sheet and expose the turnip lantern head, which really have converted a very ordinary citizen into a phantom ;— to demand, in fact, from these modern Kakangelists their credentials, to ask them by what right they speak at all on such sacred subjects.

I propose therefore to show, 1st, that the professor of a natural science professes of necessity no qualifications specially entitling him to speak on any other subject than the science he professes ; 2d, that so far from a devotion to physical science qualifying a man to speak with authority in religious matters, it has a tendency to disqualify him ; 3d, that in so intruding into the domain of religion he stultifies science, and *pro tanto* ceases to be a scientific man ; 4th, that granting all his wildest scientific assumptions, he has not weakened the basis of belief, but, on the contrary, strengthened them.

1st. "The professor of a natural science professes of necessity no qualifications specially entitling him to speak on any other subject than the science he professes." There is an old proverb, and a very true one, that a man will generally be accepted at the value he places upon himself. The men of science have acted on this with the utmost success. Once let a man have calculated an eclipse, discovered a fresh fossil, found out some supposed affinity between the spinal marrow of a rabbit and the beard of an oyster, or distilled a new scent or color from gas tar, and he claims to be considered an authority on every subject under the sun, religion specially included. You ask the reason why he should know more on any subject quite apart from science, than the Chairman of a Board of

Guardians, or an active member of a Nuisance Committee, and you are told in a reverential hushed whisper, "Oh! he is a man of science, F.R.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., etc.," and somehow people bow to his dicta, when they would set no value on it had it come from a Lord Mayor or a Lord Chancellor. What is science, and what is this wonderful scientific method, that we should thus bow down to it? Etymologically speaking, science simply means knowledge, and the man of science is the man *who knows*—it signifies nothing whatever. The carpenter, the tailor, the cook, are men and women of science in this sense. The woman who got the apples into the dumplings was a very Huxley of science to George III. The man who stitches up a cricket-ball and puts the soles on shoes is a mysterious man of science to me. But when we speak of a man of science, we mean something more than this, and the man of science would resent this definition as a degrading limitation. And justly so. A man who knows a science or a trade empirically, is a very different man from one who knows it from a thorough acquaintance with its theory, and the reason why. A subject is treated scientifically whenever the *modus operandi* is also studied, and the student proceeds from one law to another, and works entirely by law, and not by rule of thumb. In physical science this is superadded, that every law is provable, by tangible visible demonstration, nothing is assumed, and until the law can be *proved* it is no law, but a hypothesis, and however long the true man of science has to wait, not until he has so proved it does the hypothesis change into the law. To treat a subject scientifically you must proceed from certitude to certitude, there must be no guesses, every step must be founded on a past certitude, and be the imperative outcome of what has gone before. Now, what is there in this, except

common sense and ordinary logic, applied to physical matters? Does not every one in life act precisely in the same way, according to his natural ability, and what he has to deal with? The boasted scientific method is nothing but common-sense and ordinary logic applied to physical bodies, and differs in no way from the reasoning of the lawyer, the doctor, or the man of business. Each in his sphere achieves success, precisely as he follows logic implicitly, and is careful of his data, and painstaking in his deductions. The professor of physical science has merely this advantage, that at almost every stage he can prove himself right by experiment. The man who cannot see logical deductions, who cannot or won't see the common-sense syllogistic sequence of facts, is the man we call a fool, and there can be fools in science as well as in any other walk in life, in fact, in proportion to the small aggregate number of scientific men, I should be disposed to think that there is a greater percentage in that class than in any other. Clearly, then, there is nothing in the scientific process different from the process of reasoning in any other branch of human thought and human action. The method of science is to interrogate matter by analysis and experiment, and to call ascertained results, facts; and a series of substantial facts, laws; and to call a certain something which it cannot analyze or experiment upon, but which yet seems necessary to account for the phenomena, the theory. In an exactly analogous way the theologian, the moralist, and the practical man bases on the tests of evidence and experience his faith, his rule of life, or the conduct of his business. All mankind have been using the scientific method ever since the first man felt hungry, and found that eating removed his hunger, and repeated the process whenever occasion required. All that modern science

has done has been to apply this natural logic to the examination of physical nature in a systematic manner; in all other domains of thought mankind had been applying it since Adam had to earn his living. One does not wonder at the great cleverness of the men of science to-day in employing this system, but rather that their predecessors should have neglected it so long.

2d. "That so far from a devotion to physical science qualifying a man to speak with authority on religious matters, it has a tendency to disqualify him." The natural instinct of mankind responds to this. No one dreams of taking his watch to a navy to repair, or of going to a carpenter for his boots. In all things in life, if he cannot find an expert in the particular branch of knowledge he requires assistance in, he goes to one who has devoted himself to some cognate or germane line of thought. When he has gone to the exact profession his wants appeal to, he will find that the modesty of its higher professors has made many separate branches, out of which the specialist will not step. Go to Bowman or Liebreich with a pulmonary disorder or a dislocation, and he will not take your fee, but refer you to a Gull or a Paget, and *vice versa*. They well know that the very intensity of the special devotion to the eye, which has made them consummate optical authorities, has disqualified them *pro tanto* from interfering in other branches of their profession. The same practice holds good among the *élite* of the bar. The great authority on Wills will not hazard an opinion on a point of common law; the conveyancer will not speak on criminal jurisprudence. Even in the ranks of the physicists themselves, the same wise reticence obtains. Professor Tyndall would refer you on a point of astronomy to Sir George Airey, and Sir George will send you to Darwin, Huxley, or Owen on a question of comparative

anatomy. Though all the natural sciences are somewhat allied, and the processes in all identical, they feel their ignorance and incompetence out of their own especial department. But when you come to the science of sciences, and the study of studies, the nature, the history, the future of man; how the existing civilizations have been built up, and past ones have decayed; the awful mysteries with which we are surrounded, and which will occupy the highest minds—time, space, eternity; how this man becomes a saint, and that a beast, or almost a devil; how a man is to solve the problem of his life, and get through this world with a clear conscience and the blessing of a righteous self-applause—on all these stupendous, delicate, and intricate subjects, requiring a sensitive delicacy, an elevated, sustained, and concentrated study, to which physical study is gross and trivial, the modern professor of physical science has no hesitation in giving a confident answer, nay, he does not even wait to be asked, but shouts out his crude negations unasked to all and sundry. Surely this is absurd. The consummate lawyer, the perfect artist, the supreme musician, the skilled financier, the great statesman, the world poet, never imagines for an instant that his successes in these departments aid him in pronouncing a judgment on matters of morals and faith. Why, then, the man who has devoted himself, body and soul, heart and brain, to the laws and properties of matter? I examine into myself, and I look around among my fellow-men, and I think I see that I am good, and that they are good precisely in proportion as we recognize a God and a future state. I desire to be better, and to that end to learn more of the nature of God, and his dealings with men, and of futurity. How can the man who has been all his life blowing up gases or measuring the growth of *fungi* help me here?

I feel two natures within me—

—“A baseness in the blood
At such strange war with something good,
I may not do the thing I would.”

My life is a continual round of aspirations and failures, of treading for a few brief moments the courts of virtue, and the rolling for hours or days in the gutters of vice, until the agonizing cry goes from me, “*Video meliora, proboque, deteriora sequor.*” I feel that there must be help and strength for me somewhere, and I wish some one to tell me how to seek it, and whence—is the man who has spent his years with one eye at the end of a microscope classifying beetles, likely to tell me? If I possess one scintilla of common sense, I shall betake me, in my perplexity and misery, to one who has given his lifetime to such considerations, to one whose ordered life of spiritual peace shows me that he has found the things I seek. If I cannot find such a one, I might, perchance, pick up crumbs of comfort from the poet, the artist, the musician, the reflective statesman, but the man who has limited himself to the laws of matter can aid me nothing. I remember reading, some thirty years ago, an able, exhaustive essay by the late Sir W. Hamilton, in which he proves, by argument and by instances, that the tendency of a devotion to positive science is to narrow the mind, grossen it, and weaken it for the pursuit of the sublimer researches into the heart and mind of man. His illustrations were chiefly, I believe, drawn from mathematicians, but the reasoning applies equally, or more completely, to the physical sciences. He showed conclusively that they were divided into two classes, one which would believe nothing on the earth below, or in the heaven above, or the deep beneath, that could not be measured by compasses or solved by an equation; the other, that made an arbitrary separation between things provable and things not, and denying

that there ever was or could be any science of the mind, of morals, or of theology, swallowed any nonsense that the first old woman they chanced to meet might tell them.

Had he lived till now, examples would have multiplied upon him. He would have found the physicists divided into three classes as a rule; the first, who say, "You must not say there is a God, because you must assume nothing, and as yet we have not found Him in our crucibles; you must not pray, because as yet we have discovered no medium on which prayer can travel." The second, which accepts all the extreme vagaries of modern science, but not liking altogether to break from Christianity, says: "God has given over revealing Himself, or in any way interfering in His world; no miracle is possible now; for about fifty years, eighteen centuries ago, they were plentiful enough." The third, who boldly proclaims that science has annihilated the Bible and Christianity, and then takes his great intellect and his vaunted science and lays them reverently at the feet of a lying medium. From which of the three shall the soul panting for spiritual comfort, as the hart for the water-brooks, be likely to receive anything but husks and ashes?

3d. "That in so obtruding into the domain of theology, he stultifies science, and *pro tanto* ceases to be a scientific man."

Within the last few years, science has entirely changed its front towards religion and towards itself. Modern science is not more than three hundred years old. For several thousands of years humanity contrived to do some very startling things without it, and the greatest names that our race has produced, or ever will produce, lived and died with the falsest possible notions of the material world. Up to three hundred years ago, what stood for science was half silliness and half knavery, but about that time men

began to see that if they must learn anything accurate about the physical world they must use the common sense and common logic which they employed in every other department of life. Commencing with the humble and true assumption that almost nothing was known, they began to weigh, to gauge, to analyze, and proceeding from one established demonstrable certitude to another, gradually built up the various physical sciences which have culminated in the telegraphs, steam-engines, spectroscopes, and I know not what else, of the present day.

Up to a very recent time, the quarrel between science and religion was one in which I think every candid, dispassionate man must admit that religion, in the main, was in the wrong, and that our sympathies must generally be with the man of science. The professors of religion of all churches and all sects, but (to her honor be it said) the true Church least of all, were continually invading his department, of which they knew nothing, and he has won his triumphs in the teeth of much persecution, misrepresentation, and slander. All that he asked was to be let alone. He said: "I do not speak a word in the department of faith and morals; I am not worthy to do so. Mine is a humbler, but also a worthy and a useful sphere. The same Divine Creator which gave the moral and religious laws which it is your province to explain and enforce, established certain physical laws for the guidance of his material universe, which it is our business to discover, in order that man may fulfil that other part of his destiny here below, to subdue the earth to his use, and comfort, and elevation. It is impossible our two truths can clash; let us alone, and we will state nothing we cannot absolutely prove, and you will find in the end that we do *not* clash." This was practically the attitude of science up to a very recent time, and it was not then, as

unfortunately it is now, that you expected to find a man of science something very like an atheist. It was the exception that a man of science was not a believer in and follower of some form of Christian faith. Newton, who, I suppose, is equal to many Tyndalls, Huxleys, and Cliffords, was an eminently pious man according to his lights; few devout Catholics could be found than the great Ampère, and Faraday, who only died the other day and has left no successor, was as assiduous at his chapel, where he not only prayed but, I believe, preached, as he was at the Royal Institution. The position thus taken up by the men of science was at once dignified and impregnable; on these lines they conquered, and deserved to conquer, and the sympathy of all thinking men has been given to them.

All is now changed. The reaction, like all reaction, has gone over to the other side, and the world at large is more eager to exaggerate the importance of science and to idolize its professors than it was before to snub, ignore, or persecute it and them. It is free as the air of heaven. Its books pour forth un-mutilated from the press, and circulate by tens of thousands. The British Association is welcomed within the walls of cathedral cities, and under the very shadows of their minsters, with a hospitality and an enthusiasm no congress of religious people could command. There is not a clergyman or a chapel deacon in the land that would not receive Professor Tyndall as his guest. He might pray for him, but he would not seek to pray out of him one iota of the science he has got; he might endeavor to pray into him a diviner something which, apparently, he has not.

Having thus done more than getting its rights acknowledged and a fair field secured for its researches, how does science comport itself?

It waxes fat, and kicks. It throws over the strength of its past, and stultifies one of its essential principles. That principle was that science had a territory of its own, within which it claimed to reign supreme, and out of which it could not stray. The whole realm of matter belonged to it, and it dealt exclusively with what could be perceived, seen, smelled, gauged, weighed, analyzed, tasted, and appreciated by the five material senses. If a question or a thing could not so be dealt with, it was out of the sphere of physical science. Its whole quarrel with theology was that theology would not let it alone. That theology invaded its territory, sought to silence it, taught nonsense on its peculiar topics, and even persecuted its professors. No sooner has theology learned to keep within its own territory, and science has been enthroned monarch in its own sphere, than out rushes science, and, invading the theologic domain, not only talks mischievous nonsense in the academy sacred to religion, but, as far as it can, persecutes and tortures its professors. It is not content with setting forth dreadful negations of immortality, God, and prayer alongside and as part of its teachings; it no longer says, "Hear me on my scientific subjects, and never mind what I may think or not think on questions of faith," but it says, "You shall not be considered a man of science if you believe at all." It is a matter of fact that the small clique who arrogate to themselves the position of dictators in the scientific world, measure a man not so much by the science he possesses as by the religion he denies. They forgive scientific shallowness if compensated by religious unbelief. As far as they can they close the doors to all scientific honors to those who cling to the faith they were born to, and which they feel more sacred and more necessary to them than any *ism* or *ology*. They deliberately prefer the man whose scientific attain-

ments are as twenty and his unbelief as eighty, to the man whose science stands at fifty and his faith at fifty also. Formerly science was a disqualification, and its professors justly complained of this injustice, now religion is made a disqualification by the man of science. Surely this is an abandonment of the one great strength of the men of science of old, and a stultification of their present successors. But this is not the worst of it. None but such as have often soared into the highest atmosphere of human thought can tell the agony the soul can suffer when profane tongues deny to humanity its divine heirship to the supersensual and the supernatural. The rack, the thumbscrew, the block, the stake—all the tortures that human deviltry has ever invented for human flesh—are as nothing compared with the writhings of the spirit when he is led to doubt his conviction that he is not as the brutes that perish, to doubt that he has the power of rising above his frailer and grosser nature, which he shares in common with them, into the empyrean of the Spirit, watched over, aided, and drawn upward by the Spirit of spirits, until, the great purification being accomplished, he shall attain the ultimate end of his aspirations, and behold his God. But this torture is inflicted with the utmost recklessness. One would imagine that the theory of man's nature which asserts that while he is allied to the brute creation by his body, he is more of kin to the angels by his soul; that the sad entanglements of this life shall be unravelled in the life to come; that the highest aim of man's existence is to emancipate his spiritual from the fetters of his corporeal nature, and that in this laborious and arduous battle he is aided, cheered, and blessed by his great Creator, whom we, in English, call God—one would imagine that any man, whether a man of science or not, would recognize this as at least a

noble dream, if it were a dream; and when he knew that it was clung to passionately as the sheet anchor of hope and comfort in life by all that was best among his fellows, one would imagine that if, in the course of his physical researches, the man of science came across some facts that seemed to bear against this theory, in common humanity, he would think many times before he set forth to deny, deride, and denounce it. But it is not so. The modern Kakangelist rushes into the campaign against all that chiefly elevates his race above the fountart and the hog, with the light-heartedness of an Ollivier. He takes a positive pleasure in it. The philosopher who will take twenty years of patient examination to classify a new specimen of centipede, has no sooner found another cause for a previous cause than he leaps out of the scientific arena, like Archimedes from his bath, and, rushing in all the nakedness of unbelief into the first lecture-room, cries with a whoop of triumph, "No more prayer—Matter is God!" I saw the other day that Professor Huxley had been lecturing to some veterinary students, with the skeletons of a bear and of a horse before them. He pointed out how much alike they were, and showed that it was certain either that the bear had grown out of the horse or the horse from the bear, I know not and care not which. Only this difficulty stood in the way, the bear had a paw and the horse a solid hoof. But some one had found a fossil horse with split hoof—here was a link in the process—and then he lashed himself into an ecstasy over the coming time, when all the links should be found and man placed in his true position in creation, *i. e.*, just a different, and in some respects a more highly organized, beast. Not a thought that if he were not sapping the citadel of all virtue and morality among his hearers, he was plunging a red-hot dagger in the hearts of

a hundred praying and believing mothers. And this is the outcome, at last, of the grand principles of stating nothing you cannot prove; of science strictly confining herself within her own territory, and catch-penny protests against the persecutions of Galileo.

But this is by no means the only complete change of face made by science in these times. This is a change of face as regards science and its relations with theology and metaphysics. It has equally turned its back, within itself, on its own most essential principle. Its boast, and its just boast, formerly was that it was thoroughly, essentially, and consistently practical. What it said, it could prove; what it could not prove, it did not and would not say. It might make guesses, form theories, and suppose possibilities, but until these were borne out by experiment and made facts visible, tangible, and susceptible of ocular or other physical proof, they were to be ranked among hypotheses, and not to be taught in the scientific schools. It was purely deductive, and patiently moved on from fact to fact. It was in no hurry, and believed that in the end all that was knowable of certitude would be known, and what was not knowable of certitude was not in the domain of science.

Now all is altered, and the highest so-called teaching of the day is almost entirely confined to precisely those portions of science which are pure hypotheses, and which cannot be proved. And it is precisely regarding those hypotheses that modern physical science comes into collision with religion. This is an important truth, and cannot be borne in mind too often and too strongly. No part or portion of proved, demonstrable, practical science, comes into even apparent collision with any portion of faith. A man may know hydrostatics so well that he is the most perfect and complete hydraulic

engineer the world has yet seen, and never have heard one word that clashes with faith. A man may become a mechanician, equal to Watt, Whitworth, and Fairburn rolled into one, and never come across a proposition antagonistic to religion. He may rise to be so thorough a geologist as to be able to tell with almost absolute certainty what you may find or not find under any given strata, and never learn a syllable at variance with revelation. Similarly, he may become the most sublime, perfect, and complete chemist or mathematician, and never have heard a word, or thought a thought, even, casting a doubt on revealed religion. Where science is true to itself, true religion and it never clash. It is only when science ceases to be true to itself that a collision occurs. We have no quarrel with the practical consistent man of science, true to his principles—it is the rhapsodist, I might say the ranter, of science, who attacks us. It is only where science is false to itself that we come in collision with it. The boast of the by-gone race of men of science, as I have said, was that they were practical, and by that they meant that they began on some assured basis on which to build their science, and when they got one which would carry all their superstructure, they went no further. They well knew that sooner or later they must come to something that would stop them, and they looked upon mere curious prying into things for curiosity's sake as no part of true science. If there was a hope of deducing a law or a fact susceptible of being made of practical utility, they followed it, up in proportion to the hope; if they saw no hope, they let it alone. For instance, take the sun. It is the source of all our light and heat. On that you can build up everything that can be turned to practical scientific account. It does not in the least matter how the sun gives that light and heat. Give a woman's reason: it does because it does, or any

other you like to say, and not a fact in practical science would be altered. The old man of science was content with this—the new is not. He is bent on finding out why and how the sun manufactures heat, and he is always busily guessing. He says one day that showers of meteors are always dashing into it, and that their impact generates this enormous heat. Another time, that there is a constant play of molecules within the sun itself, rushing together, parting asunder, positive and negative poles, all pure guesses, though based on some analogy with what can be tested here below, but as much pure guesses, and as unsusceptible of demonstrable proof as if I were to say that it was hot because angels were always throwing coals on it. Now, I am not altogether blaming this. I think the intellects that are employed in guessing such problems might be better employed both for themselves and humanity; but, doubtless, so long as anything is unknown, man will not be content till he has tried his utmost to know it, and so long as he does this in a modest and reverential spirit he cannot be blamed. I name this simply to call attention to this new tendency to try to discover things which *a priori* one would consider unsusceptible of strict scientific proof, and, because it is exclusively on this side of modern so-called science that we are attacked. I will proceed to show where and how modern science breaks its first principle, and I will prove this by the modern invention of the “ether.” It is well known that a ray of light, by means of a prism, can be broken into certain colors, varying from violet to red. Modern research has proved many things. It has proved that nothing in the world has color in itself, but that what we call color is a physical arrangement of the surface, whereby certain of the prismatic colors are sent back to the human eye. One body quenches all rays, and you call it black; another flashes all the rays

back, and you call it white; another sends back red, another blue, another green, another shakes them up as it were, and you have blended tints. But more has been done. It has been found that the red end of the spectrum has not only its peculiar color, but also heat, and also that the force with which the red end rays are emitted, is much greater than those of the other end, and that a mass of particles or any other obstacles that will arrest the blue will let the red pass, and so on. But more is proved. It is shown that these colors move with a wavelike motion, precisely like a microscopic sea. Then, again, it is proved that it is *not* the air they travel on, because they behave the same in a vacuum, and they do it through rock-crystal or a block of ice. So far all is true science, and here Newton and Faraday would have stopped, waited for centuries, if need be, before they would have said more. Not so Helmholtz and his English disciple, Tyndall. Science demands that there shall be a medium, in which waves shall be formed, and on which these rays shall travel. Nothing can travel on nothing. It is not the air; we know of nothing else; there must be something; we will invent that something and call it “ether.” And forthwith science says, although no microscope can see it, no chemical test find it, no scales weigh it, although it seems as purely non-existent as anything that can be imagined, you shall believe that there is a mysterious something, which we call the “ether,” on which waves of light travel, which is an air-vacuum, and can circulate through rock-crystal. Now, I do not deny this. You will see later that I draw comfort from it. I can accept it, but I say no man of science ought to, or can, consistently. The most a man of science can say is, light behaves so and so, it does not travel on the air, what it travels on is a mystery. He has no right to invent the

“ether”—nay, more, with this startling anomaly before his face, he is bound to reconsider his cardinal axiom, that nothing can travel on nothing. As it stands at present, apparently it can. I think you will see my drift. It is to show that modern science has ceased to be true science, and that it is only in its aspect as false science that we can come in collision with it.

The science, so-called, of the world, from the first Geeeks, who speculated on the physical universe, was a series of guesses, with which they tried to force the phenomena to square. They imagined first and investigated afterwards, and when the things observed did not square with the theory, they often said, with the Frenchman, *tant pis pour les faits*. Bacon has the credit of reversing all this. He said, imagine you know nothing—collect your facts, and when you have enough form your law or theory on the sure ground of the facts collected. Now, we have all gone back again. A law is made first, and even a new element is invented to fit, when facts seem to require it. Law says: everything must travel on some physical medium. Light and colors don't travel on the air, *ergo*, we will invent a body, we will call it “ether,” and, though we cannot find it by any known test, though it elude the microscope, the chemist, and the scales, we will talk about it as as much a certainty as water, air, gases, or gravitation. And they laugh at us for believing in transubstantiation.

And never forget that all this theorizing has not had, and shows no sign of ever having, the smallest practical effect. All the colors that are used in the arts and manufactures have been discovered and are made without any assistance from it; would not be affected one iota, whether the undulatory or emission theory were established; nay, can even be carried on better on the false hypotheses that color is inherent in

the object itself, and does not come from the sun at all.

But this is as nothing compared with the complete stultification of science by the evolutionists. Any one who has studied the laws of light must admit that some such medium as the ether *seems* required. But the law of evolution, natural selection, survival of the fittest, and all the rest of it, is laid down and offensively enforced, when there is not one single fact that imperatively demands it, and when ninety-nine out of every hundred facts tell against it. Ever since man appeared upon the globe, and was able to record what he saw around him on stone, in pictures, or by verbal description, there is not one scintilla of evidence that any living creature has tended to grow out of its genus. A sheep has always been a sheep, a horse a horse, a monkey a monkey, and a man a man. Great variations occur, and those far more frequently by man's interference than by natural selection, but nothing acquires any of the marked characteristics of the group above it, and all, if left alone, tend to breed back to the primal type. Nature seems to have as great an abhorrence of any departure from the original form as it has of a vacuum. Nor can any instance be found in the geologic record among the fossils, and many can be found against it. I have not read the anti-evolution side of the case. I have read the writings of Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley, and others, and had the advantage of personal talk with an eminent friend of theirs, who shares their views, and I have read without prejudice, but failed to find that they advanced one solid argument in support of their views. I am quite certain that, if this controversy could be turned into a lawsuit, any judge on the bench would dismiss the case against the evolutionists with costs, without calling for a reply. The eminent friend I allude to, himself one of the first of living

mathematicians, and an intimate associate of Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, etc., and sharing their views, was candid enough to admit that the theory was beset with difficulties, that quite as many facts were against it as for it, that it hardly seemed susceptible of proof. And, when I asked why he held the theory under such a condition of the evidence, why, on the assumption of this law, Dr. Tyndall chaffed and derided prayer, and Professor Huxley gnashed his teeth at dogma, and chuckled over the base descent of man, his reply was: "We are bound to hold it, because it is the only theory yet propounded which can account for life, all we see of life, without the intervention of a God. Nature must be held to be capable of producing everything by herself and within herself, with no interference *ab extra*, and this theory explains how she may have done it. Hence we feel bound to hold it and to teach it." Shade of Bacon! here is science! This is the argument in a circle. There is no interference with nature upon the part of God, or any other force or power *ab extra*. We prove this by the law of evolution. What proves the law of evolution? Why, nothing, except that its assumption is necessary to the former law! This is the outcome of science, whose boast was, that it walked firmly from certitude to certitude, not dealing in fancies and beliefs, and undemonstrable imaginings, like we poor illogical believers.

But the last, and, in one point of view, the most, and in another the least, honorable of the recent inconsistencies of the leaders of science is this: That while they run a muck at all belief in a personal God, in prayer, grace, and immortality, they have all the phrases of morality on their lips almost *ad nauseam*. If no God, no soul can be found scientifically in the physical universe, where are found continency, chastity, truth, honesty, self-sacrifice? I am

quite ready to admit that if you confine yourself solely and entirely to what you can see, taste, touch, smell, weigh, and analyze, and introduce no other thoughts or processes of reason, you can find neither God nor soul. But neither can you find one of the virtues enumerated. One can conceive any purely physical body developing out of another physical body. One can quite comprehend that the sight of a fly in his web produces a purely material quiver in the nerves of the spider, and impels him as an automaton to rush and eat him. But no flight of imagination can conceive by what mere physical process, or that in millions of billions of centuries the time could ever come, when a famishing spider should see a fat fly entangled, and say to himself: "That poor fly, now, has a young family at home, who will starve if I eat him—I will not be so cruel, rather let me suffer;" and saying this, releases the fly and retires to perish in his corner. No effort of imagination can, for a moment, conceive of matter evolving this. There is no trace of it in mere molecules or gray matter of the brain. But the Christian, enlightened and assisted by Divine light and strength, can do this and more. Let us have consistency. If you won't have dogma—even such elementary dogmas as the existence of God and a soul—because you can't find it in the material world, don't impart into the material world what is not there of itself, and which God has imparted *ab extra*. What is the morality of nature unilluminated by a spiritual ray? Its chastity, morals, marriage, are simply that when a boy and a girl arrive at puberty they shall pair like the beasts—that when a grown man sees a woman to lust after her in his heart, he shall possess her if he can, by force, if necessary. In truth, that he shall never speak it except when it will be better for him to do so, and it requires a less mental effort than telling a lie. In hon-

esty, that when a strong man sees a weak man with a thing he covets, he shall take it away from him; and that a weak man shall watch till the strong man falls gorged into a drunken slumber, and then steal what he wants and hide it; and in self-sacrifice, that when the giant awakes furious, lead him to believe that it was some one else that took it, and chuckle when the strong one revenges himself by murdering, it may be, the crafty one's own father, son, or wife. This is all the morality that can be extracted from material physical nature, pure and simple. Why do not our new Kakangelists tell us this? The honorable reason is, that the most of them are better than their system, and are themselves honorable, and moral, and noble men. If the life of Tyndall were admissible to write and reveal, it would show a career of heroic self-denial, and a practice of the best Christian virtues, that would shame the bulk of professed believers. He sucked his morals at his mother's breast and learned them at her knee; and God's grace, despite him, is stronger than his logic, and survives his science. This is the honorable side of the inconsistency—the less honorable side is, that this halting from the logical conclusions is partly a cowardly pandering to the prejudices of unreasoning, well-meaning, stupid John Bull.

The denial of all dogma, and with it of all morality, is the natural outcome of the principles of the Reformation. It was only a question of time. With some nations it came quickly, as in France, at the Revolution, after Voltaire and Rousseau; with us, after our way, it has come more slowly. Cultivated Protestant society has arrived at the stage when it has ceased to believe in the living God, in hell, and in the day of judgment, but it has not yet got ready for the next stage—that of regarding morals as a mere matter of police. Hence the whole of the

dark, dismal Kakangel is not preached. When it is, the bottom will have been reached, and the successors of Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, and Clifford, will not be lecturing to broadcloth in a cosy lecture-hall, but most likely disagreeing in the interior of a populace that has killed and eaten them. *

4th. "That granting all his wildest assumptions, he has not weakened the bases of belief, but rather strengthened them." I have said that I had no objection to the invention of the "ether." The pure man of science is bound to say, "not proven," and withhold his belief till it is. Not so we. We believe so firmly that we are surrounded so completely with the untestable and the impalpable, that what is knowable by experiment and demonstrable test, is so small compared with the physically unprovable, that the existence of a mysterious something you cannot catch seems a most ordinary matter. But to me this theory of the "ether" has been a positive comfort. It is given to very few of us who have to mix in the "workaday world," even to have a passing glimpse into the spiritual life. But I hope we can all conceive it. At any rate I can. I can quite understand how by seclusion, by prayer, and fasting, a Saint Theresa can grow to regard the world of spirit as more vividly real than the world of matter. But to the bulk of us an animal grossness clings and begets an unconscious skepticism. There is a craving to see the why and the how. When one kneels at night beside one's bed, the thought will involuntarily creep in, "How is this?" I utter no audible words, I put no air in motion with articulate speech, how can my unspoken petition penetrate to my Patron Saint, to our Blessed Lady, to the very Throne of God? How can grace come back to me, and from whence comes it? The theory of the "ether" helps me here. If men of science believe in a body so re-

fined that no microscope can see it, no scale weigh it, no chemical test detect its presence, and which can yet actually flow through hard crystal, and bear with it tens of millions of actual waves of light, what difficulty is there in conceiving an immaterial something as much more refined than the ether, as the "ether" is than air, in fact, in comparison with which ether is a gross body, and which can bear messages with a rapidity to which the quickest pulse of light is almost motionless? The material elucidates the immaterial. If such can be shown as almost certainties in the realms of physics, what may not faith easily conceive as possible in the realm of spirit?

But the apparent attack on the essential basis of religion is all summed up in the nebular hypothesis. I do not pause to call attention to the absurdity, to say nothing of the wickedness, of endeavoring to destroy the happiness of countless thousands on the strength of a *hypothesis*. I assume it to be true. What then? It is the last word of atheistic science—it can go no farther—it includes evolution and all other supposed deadliest enemies. If we can survive it we can survive anything. What is the nebular hypothesis? It is that at one time, countless billions of years ago, the whole solar system was one mass of nebula spinning in space. That it contained within itself everything that is contained in the solar system now, but in different states and under different conditions. That time after time a portion of the mass was flung off by centrifugal motion, spun on its axis by the initial kick, and took up an orbit about the balance according to law. So mass followed mass until the sun was all the *balance* left to the original body of the nebula, and our planetary system consists of the various masses detached from time to time. Our earth was one, and for countless ages has, according to law, been cooling,

shrinking, solidifying, and at each change of temperature, size, or consistency, new and foreordained chemical and physical forces came into play, so that fluids, solids, and gases were formed, and they ever uniting, parting, rearranging themselves, finally constructed the earth as we see it with all its vegetable and animated life. All within itself. All in the nebula. No God interfering. No God wanted. No God wanted? Why you want one more than ever, and I speak with all reverence, you want a vaster, and a more wonderful God—if human language could invent words more stupendous in their meaning than omnipotent and omniscient, you want them now. Who made the nebula? Who sent it spinning with such an appalling and inconceivable impetus? Who gave it powers whereby detached mass after detached mass should go on spinning through all times and fall into appointed orbits as orderly as an ordered dance? Who placed in it the germs of all living and growing things, animate and inanimate? Who said let such and such things happen, and the fish shall appear—this and that and the elephant—such a temperature and condition, and the palm uprises—another, and you have the oak—yet another, and silver, gold, lead, iron, and coal are deposited—until, all the duly appointed conditions being ready, man appears? Is not an incomprehensible, a mysterious, an inexpressibly all-powerful, all-foreseeing, all-venerable, and all-terrible Creator wanted here? The man of science cannot escape the necessity of wanting the God who made him. All against his will he is compelled to elevate and ennoble him. A very vulgar mind can realize the Creator, as the world has pictured him. It is that the conception of him might be appreciated by the most limited human capacity, that he has been graciously pleased to reveal himself to poor humanity in phrases easily realizable

by our gross and narrow nature. He has been pleased to picture himself to us creating as man creates. Taking up earth in his fingers, so to speak, moulding man and beast as the potter moulds the clay, and breathing into it from material lips the breath of life. And yet in the same revelation, by way of indicating that he is lowering himself to our capacity, he tells us that he is a spirit, and has neither body, parts, nor passions, no fingers to shape with, and no lips to breathe from. Be this nebular theory true or false, it presents no difficulty. It calls on us to have an increased and more exalted idea of the Creator, and the reverential Christian knows well that no idea can even approach to the reverence and exaltation due to him.

If the nebular hypothesis fail altogether to do without a God, it is equally impotent to account for

man's mental endowments and intellectual potentialities, and for his possession of a soul. Man is separated from all animated nature by his imperial intellect, and by his immortal soul. These are as much distinctive properties peculiar to him as his physical gift of speech. Material science left to itself may be able to account for all the purely material and physical phenomena, but it cannot step one inch beyond the boundary of his lower nature. If it be true that no theory that will not cover all the ascertained facts can be other than a false one, then all modern physical science fails in this respect, and is *pro tanto* false. If it be true that a theory that will cover all the facts is the true one, then it is certain that true physical science alone cannot do it, but that true physical science, *plus* the Catholic faith, can and does.

THE GLADIATORS' SONG.

ROUND about this grim arena, by the ghosts of thousands haunted,
Beckoned by our slaughtered comrades, move we on with hearts undaunted,—
Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Dark the world and always darker, none to comfort, none to love us,
Grisly hell beneath us yawning, deaf or dead the gods above us,—
Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Life and flesh, and soul and sinew, beating heart and thought upsoaring,—
Was the goblet of our being crowned but for this wild outpouring?
Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Voices come through dreary silence, still for righteous vengeance calling—
So we chant our stern defiance—false relentless Rome is falling !
Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Countless years have tortured nations learned the ruth of Roman mercies—
Ah ! she falls in waste and carnage, 'mid the world's triumphant curses !
Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Gleams of vengeance, long delaying, scanty sate the spirit's yearning—
Guessing, groping, craving, hoping, must we go without returning?
Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Onward to our slaughtered comrades, round th' arena, shadow-haunted,
On to endless night or morning pass we on with hearts undaunted !
Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

ARS IN 1877.

HOLY places and shrines, like the great servants of God, have each its distinguishing character. One of the charms belonging to the lives of the saints is this marked individuality; the love of God, unlike the love of creatures, when it has become the master passion of the heart, never ravages and lays it waste; it destroys nothing which has a right to be there, it purifies the fountain, it never dries it up; and so the sweetness, the strength, the impetuosity, or the tenderness which was naturally the predominating characteristic of a holy soul, continues to stamp it to the end, only purified, elevated, and perfected by the grace of the Spirit of God. And one cannot help noticing something of the same sort in those favored places where he has been pleased to make a special manifestation of his power and love. Each has its own peculiar stamp, each touches its answering chord in the soul, as each has its own gift and blessing for those who visit it in faith and simplicity. Lourdes breathes purity and joy; nothing more bright and smiling could even be imagined in a dream than the scene which is so fair a setting to the sanctuary of the Immaculate Conception; the smooth green hills, the whispering tree, the rushing, rejoicing river, all seem to repeat the words which we read in silver letters round our Lady's statue, which her own sacred lips murmured in the ear of her happy child, and which thrill in the hearts of all who kneel in that wondrous grotto—*Je suis l'Immaculée Conception*. And at Paray all is indescribably solemn. An adoring silence seems to wrap you round from the moment you enter the little court which leads to the door of the chapel, and salute the statue of the Sacred Heart above, and to deepen sensibly as you enter, and can at first dis-

tinguish nothing in the dim richness round you but the lamps, hanging like crimson stars above the sanctuary which witnessed so many marvellous communications of the Divine Master to his humble servant, some of which he has revealed for our adoration, while more still are secrets between the Sacred Heart and hers. The words which are engraved round the tabernacle door are the keynote of the sanctuary of Paray-le-Monial—

O Cor, amoris Victima,
Amore nostri saucium.

And what is the spirit of the little rural parish nestling among the Beaujolais hills, by the sleepy waters of the Fontblin, which was so utterly unknown till consecrated by the miraculous life of the holy curé who has made Ars a household word throughout not France only, but the whole Catholic world? It is that which was especially *his* spirit, holy poverty and complete unworldliness in the homeliness and simplicity of the place and its people, their primitive ways untouched by the faintest coloring of the world and its fashions—all this is a charm, the greater because it is so right and fitting where he labored and died whom St. Francis himself could have wished no different. The cordial kindness and politeness, too, remarkable even in France, must surely have been learned in great measure from that mirror of Christian courtesy whose portrait, his biographer tells us, was sketched by anticipation when St. John Chrysostom described the really humble man as one who is *gratiosus et suavis omnibus*, for we know that it was the holy curé who made Ars a model parish, and that he found his flock rude and rough, as well as in a state of the greatest spiritual need.

Ars possesses two or three "hôtels," in no way differing from the rest of the

better sort of houses in the place, except by the notice over the door; but I was fortunate enough to be lodged in the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, the much-loved *Providence* of the saintly curé, the scenes of so many miracles, so many works of grace, the place of which he said himself, "All the good that has been done in this house will never be known till the last day." The readers of Père Monnin's beautiful *Life of the Curé d'Ars* are familiar with the story of its foundation, its support by the Providence, whose name it bore, and whose wonderful series of miraculous aids were the sole and never-failing funds of the saint whose *système financier*, as we have heard it described, was *tout donner ne rien garder*. Here first began the famous *catéchismes*, which for thirty years were listened to with rapt attention by countless pilgrims. It was for the instruction of the orphans of *La Providence* that they were instituted, and in its little dining-room, unchanged in every respect since those days, that they met to hear *M. le Curé causer du bon Dieu*. Whenever he had a special grace to ask, he set his orphans praying, and we have his own assurance that they were always heard. The pilgrimages of 1825 and the two following years followed close on a series of novenas for the conversion of sinners, made by the *directrices* and children of *La Providence*. The storm raised against this holy and humble house, and the change of plan which was the result, was, perhaps, the severest trial of the curé's life, and at the same time that which brought out most strongly his perfect abandonment to the divine will. The Sisters of St. Joseph, to whom the house and chapel were eventually ceded by M. Vianney, were careful to carry out his views in the part of his design (a very important part) which remained, and it continues to produce an abundant harvest of good. Every corner of the house is holy ground. "C'est

sur ce meuble que M. le Curé s'accoudait bien souvent en causant avec ses missionnaires," were the first words I heard from the sister who took me into the little dining-room, and close by is the *pétrin* in which the dough was miraculously multiplied, perhaps the best known and remembered of the miracles wrought by the saint, miracles which are "countless," to quote the *missionnaire* engaged in collecting materials for the process of beatification. He himself always ascribed this one to the relics of St. Francis Regis, whom he had made *administrateur* of his *Providence*; just as he gave St. Philomène the credit of the miraculous cures wrought at Ars. Probably Catharine Lassagne was right when she said to me, "Je crois, pour ma part, qu'ils s'entendaient bien—lui et elle."

I was happy enough to have more than one interview with this holy Catharine, the faithful devoted daughter of the saintly curé, whose notes have furnished so many precious recollections of his instructions, and whose memory is full of his sayings and doings. M. Toccanier, the present excellent curé, warned me that I must be *un peu adroite* to draw her out, as she has the reserve of a refined nature in speaking of what touches her very closely. But, thanks to this hint, she talked to me freely and kindly of *notre saint*. She is a wonderful person, and next to the grace of praying on his tomb, I count that of having made her acquaintance. "Après le saint curé, c'est la plus belle âme que j'ai connue," said her present pastor, and one can easily believe it. There is a remarkable dignity and simplicity about her, a frequent characteristic of Frenchwomen of her class, and intensified in her case by the holy peaceful spirit which is her irresistible charm. I asked her how she felt when she saw the dough made from the little handful of flour swelling and rising till it overflowed the *pétrin*.

She answered with her quiet smile, "Mais, vous savez, on ne s'étonnait pas de cela." "Tout de même, vous avez éprouvé quelque chose?" "De la joie, je le crois bien—et puis, on aimait à le manger—ce pain-là." "Enfin, c'est que le surnaturel était presque devenu le naturel à Ars?" "Eh bien oui—un peu comme cela."

And indeed when we think of that wonderful life, which was a continual miracle renewed each morning, we feel that those with which every day was crowded were only the fitting atmosphere of a soul so closely united to God that the practice of the most heroic virtues cost him no effort, and whose intercourse with him may be called incessant, for "his labors were only the continuation of his prayers; he was either speaking to God, or of him; pouring forth acts of love to him, or winning others to love him." To quote Catharine once more: "J'ai dit à M. le Curé: 'jé pense que le bon Dieu cherche quelqu'un qui fera toute Sa sainte volonté,' et que quand, il l'a trouvé, c'est Lui Qui fait la sienne."

It has been well said that the reformation of his parish was the first miracle of the Curé d'Ars. Most of us remember the simple but wonderful story of that work of God; how, before attacking any of the abuses he found at Ars, he labored to inspire his people with devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, how he at once established a perpetual adoration in the church (at first the worshippers were but three), and then working, like M. Olier, from this divine centre, gradually brought his flock to the frequentation of the sacraments, the recitation of the rosary, and the regular attendance at night prayers. Gradually, but surely, all else followed; the two taverns of the village were closed, the dances which were a source of so much disorder were suppressed, and the Sunday began to be observed with that religious strictness which has been the wonder

and admiration of so many pilgrims, and which made one of them say that to spend a day at Ars was "to take leave of the nineteenth century, and to go back to the ages of faith." His work did not die with him; the village, quiet and unworldly as it is; is a stirring place as regards business, compared to what it was when the holy curé entered on his duties, and as no regular road to it existed, waited on his knees praying for his new parish, the roofs of which he could just make out in a tangle of fruit-trees, till a little shepherd boy came by and guided M. le Curé to the place he was come to bless. Does it not read, as so many passages in his life do, like a page out of the *Fioretti*?

Now, the necessities of the pilgrimages have caused little hotels, workshops, and *magasins*, of a very modest type, to spring up, but they are all closed on Sundays; no new taverns have been opened, and the hotels are merely houses for the accommodation of strangers; there is no gathering of the inhabitants there, and on Sundays they are closed except for the meals of the pilgrims. The Masses are crowded and the Communion frequent; even on week days the numbers who assist at Mass are remarkable. I was told that the holy curé's injunctions as to the strict observance of the Sunday are remembered and respected, and that even in threatening weather during harvest time, no reapers are then in the fields. The voice which so often told them that "to work on Sunday was the certain way to get poor" still speaks to the hearts of these faithful peasants, who love to tell of a certain Sunday when none of the harvest was gathered in, and the sky was darkened by big black rain-clouds driven up by a high wind, and how M. le Curé quietly forbade them in his sermon to touch a sheaf, promising a longer run of fine weather than they would need. By evening the sky was

cloudless, and no rain fell for a fortnight.

The little free school for boys, which the Curé d'Ars founded nearly thirty years ago, has continued to increase and prosper under the care of the excellent Brothers of the Holy Family, to whose management he intrusted it, and who are loved and valued as they deserve by the inhabitants. Besides day scholars, the establishment counts between one and two hundred boarders, and the good Brothers render the greatest services to the pilgrims, to whom they are always ready to show the most courteous kindness. Their chapel is full of gifts and memorials of the holy curé; and they possess one precious relic, a small vial of his blood, which is always liquid, and which many now living may hope to see receiving the public veneration of the faithful. They are the guardians of that little chamber, the only one he ever used in his poor presbytery, from which his holy soul went to God as these words of the Commendation were being read—*Veniant illi obviam sancti angelique Dei, et perducant eum in civitatem caelestem Jerusalem*—that reliquary full of precious and touching memorials, guarded by the grating where some worshippers are found kneeling every day, and paying to the saint of Ars the homage of that anticipated canonization which began when the bishop who loved him so well spoke over his grave, eighteen years ago, the words which he said he prayed to hear one day sung in his honor by the infallible voice of the Catholic Church—*Euge serve bone et fidelis, intra in gaudium Domini tui*.

The greatest care is taken to wait for that day before allowing any of the open demonstrations of honor which his people long to render, but no one who has visited Ars can doubt that the *cultus* is established in their hearts. Nothing but a roughly carved chalice, without a

word or date, marks his grave; but at all hours of the day a knot of worshippers are kneeling there, and nothing is more simply touching than to see them laying the day's provisions—loaves of bread, baskets of vegetables—on the tomb, for M. le Curé's blessings. Day by day the orphans of *La Providence* pray there for all who help in re-establishing their first Father's work in the fulness of his original design; and there, too, silently, and often unheard of beyond a narrow circle, God continues to attest the sanctity of his servant by miracles which will one day be announced by infallible authority. Very quietly, but very steadily, the work of the Curé d'Ars goes on. The *Œuvre des Retraites* is a perpetual source of spiritual blessing; from April to November there are two retreats a month, which are well attended, and followed by an abundant harvest.

The pilgrimage of Ars, too, has never ceased. Its character, indeed, is changed from the days when the average of pilgrims brought to Ars in a year, only by the omnibuses plying between the village and the Villefranche station, was more than eighty thousand. It was a movement which can without exaggeration be compared to that which bore a living tide of souls to the feet of the fathers of the desert, or, at a later date, to follow the steps of the wonder-working preachers of the ages of faith. And perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is that it was in an age of incredulity that all this happened; that when the idea of a *saint* had almost been forgotten, when enthusiasm and faith had become dreams of the past, France was suddenly startled at finding her children still animated by Catholic feelings, still full of spiritual life, and saw them forced by an irresistible desire to believe and reverence, kneeling, day and night, round the confessional of a poor village curé. "Ars was the

protest of the nineteenth century against the false teaching of its predecessor." For it must always be remembered that it was to the *confessor* that the first pilgrims came; later on, the sick were brought for cure, and numbers, many of them among the highest intellects and most cultivated minds of Europe, sought counsel and guidance from the pure and holy soul of whom his bishop said: "*Je ne sais pas s'il est instruit, mais il est éclairé:*" but the leaders of the band were poor sinful souls, who came to lay their burden down at the foot of the cross. The world knew nothing yet of the *Curé d'Ars*, the papers had not begun to speak of the man who was soon to be sought by thousands far and near, and who died without having an idea what a railway was like; but there was, as *Père Monnin* says, a "*Chronicle of Ars*," which circulated through the country, telling by word of mouth "how gentle he was to sinners, how patient with the scrupulous, how kind to the weak, how pitiful to the mourners, how helpful to all." And every day brought him such visits—his "*bonnes fortunes*," as *he* styled them, God's answers to his ceaseless prayers and fasts and mortifications for the conversion of sinners, as we see them to be. One of *Catharine's* simple forcible sayings describes the wonderful work in a few words: "*La grâce était si forte qu'elle allait les chercher.*"

When the holy soul of *Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney* went to God,

the whole aspect of the pilgrimage was necessarily altered. At times, especially on the anniversaries of his death and burial, large numbers of pilgrims, among whom are many bishops, crowd the village, but the vast throngs which were a constant sight there for thirty years were seen for the last time on that 6th of August, 1859, when more than six thousand mourners, among whom were three hundred priests, listened to the funeral oration spoken by the Bishop of *Belley* over the coffin of the *Curé d'Ars*. Still, his apostolate is not ended; we have the testimony of one well qualified to judge, that if the pilgrimage has lost many of its most striking characteristics, it has even gained in the spirit of quiet devotion and recollection. And the whole place speaks of him; the sanctuary he built and loved so dearly, the poor little room which witnessed so many wonderful austerities, so many conflicts with the evil one, so many supernatural visits and consolations, the confessional, which one cannot look at without marveling gratitude when one thinks of the countless dead souls raised to life during the sixteen hours a day he labored there all those years, the pulpit where those inspired words were spoken, and the tomb where his holy body—may we not say his relics?—rest. For God has spoken by the miracles wrought there, and the day will come when *notre saint*, as his people fondly call him, will be worshipped as such by the whole Church.

THE HARD HEART SOFTENED.

THE "January thaw" had set in some weeks earlier than people had expected it, and bits of black-brown pasture land peeped out here and there from beneath the snowy steeples of Uplands Farm, as its owner, Joshua Simmons, went grating past in his old-fashioned red and blue cart. The fences and walls were also visible once more, and the old man eyed them keenly as he drove toward the house, muttering to himself—

"Yes, that's it. Just as I expected. Not a stone put up, not a board nailed in its place, not a post straightened, since I was here last June. That is doing autumn work up ship-shape, and no mistake. I suppose he calculated on my rheumatism to keep me at home till next June. Well, he will see. Mary may say what she likes about it. Joe shall go."

Farmer Simmons was a little, thin, wiry, stooping man of seventy, with a face that might easily have been handsome, since the features were regular, and the eyes of a clear bright blue, while the complexion was like that of a sound and healthy winter apple, rosy and wholesome to behold. But there was an expression in the old man's face that seemed entirely to mar his good looks—an anxious *small* expression, which is only visible where the soul beneath it has learned to value money far above the actual rate of money's worth. In two words, the farmer was a "forehanded" and also a "near" man, and his only sister, Mary, looking out of the garret window, as the sound of the cart attracted her attention, felt her spirit quail within her, noting the severity of his aspect, and guessing only too well on what errand he had come.

"What shall I do?" moaned the little blue-eyed woman of sixty-three, sinking down on a dusty box of rags which she had been sorting, and hiding her kindly but careworn

face behind a pair of hands that had toiled for many a year for Joe Sylvester and Joe Sylvester's children. "Oh, if Joshua would not be so hard upon us! I don't know what poor Joe will say when he comes home to-night!"

"Mother!" called out a bold young voice at the foot of the garret stairs, "uncle Joshua has come, and he is blanketing the old mare, but he won't put her in the barn, 'cause he isn't going to stay but just five minutes. And he frightened pussy when she went to meet him at the door, and he tried to hit Rover, only Rover got out of the way of the whip; and he says we are a pack of lazy good-for-nothings; and won't you come down, mother? for he is most awful cross, and we are all going to run away to play."

"Yes, Joshua, dear," said his mother, sighing, "I will come. Ask your uncle in, and set a chair for him politely, and tell him where your father has gone, and then——"

"No need to tell me!" said a harsh voice below. "Here, youngster, you be off, and if you go near the mare, I'll let you know what a whip is when I come downstairs. Start, now!"

Young Joshua clattered noisily down the uncarpeted stairs. Old Joshua came climbing slowly up, grumbling to himself in an undertone. Poor Mrs. Sylvester laid her hand upon her beating heart, and glanced upward in her trouble.

"O God! *make* my brother kinder. Move him to show some mercy to us this day, or we are lost!" she breathed.

Joshua Simmons appeared, emerging out of the square hole cut in the floor for the garret stairs.

"What in this world are you up here for, Mary?" he growled, as she hastened to meet him.

"I am so sorry you took the

trouble to come after me, Joshua," she answered, deprecatingly. "I should have been down directly."

"Very likely, but I am in a hurry. What are you doing up here?"

She pointed to the rags.

"The peddler comes along to-morrow, Joshua, and he always takes my rags. So I am sorting them over."

"And you are likely to have rags enough to sort while Joe Sylvester is your husband," snarled her brother.

"Poor Joe! He has been rather unlucky of late, but he is so good and kind, that I can bear it all for his sake, Joshua. I am sorry about the children. I wish they could have better clothes, and books to read, and many other things that they seem to crave for. But we are all together, and well and happy, so I ought not to repine."

Farmer Simmons looked her full in the face.

"Well, Mary, I have come to say that I want the farm."

"Oh, Joshua!"

"Now, don't go to crying! It will do no good. My mind is made up. I have put up with Joe, for your sake, longer than I would have put up with any one else. The farm is running down in his hands; the fences are tumbling down, and the walls too; the house needs doing up generally; and I must have a tenant here who will keep things snug and nice as I like to see them."

"But Joe has been ill, Joshua, as you know. That fever kept him down nearly all last summer, and then he cut his foot, and had to lay by nearly the whole autumn. But he is well now, and he is working out to get the money for you, and in the spring he will do up everything—he will, indeed!"

"In the spring he will break his arm or his leg, or set the house on fire, or do something worse," prophesied the farmer. "It's no use talking, Mary! Joe Sylvester is an un-

lucky man, and you were a fool to marry him, when you might have been John Harding's wife, and seen your husband rich by this time, instead of out at common daywork!"

"I see my husband a good husband and father, and an honest man, and that is more than Mrs. Harding can say about hers!" replied Mrs. Sylvester, with spirit. "I would not change Joe for a king, Joshua! I love him now, poor and unlucky as you call him, better than I did on our wedding-day, when he was reckoned the handsomest young man in all the country round! There isn't a wrinkle on his face, nor a gray hair on his head, that isn't dear to me, for I know they are there before their time, through fretting about me and the children, because he can't give us such a home as he would like to. He has been happier here at the old homestead, Joshua, than I have ever seen him for years past. If you say we must go, of course we must; but I know it will break poor Joe's heart, for he has been planning how to work and save so as to buy this place for me—the house where our dear father and mother lived and died, and where you and I were born."

"Buy it!" exclaimed the farmer, scornfully. "Why, you have stayed here three years already, and last year's interest isn't paid yet. But that is Joe Sylvester all over. He can plan fast enough, I'll allow, but the cash to carry out his plans is never ready."

"He took care of the old folks, Joshua," said Mary, wiping her eyes. "You know his mother was blind and helpless for more than ten years, and Joe paid the nurse. And when his father became deranged, at the last, it took all the money he had laid by to get him taken care of at home."

"Why didn't he send him to the 'sylum?" grunted the farmer.

"He said he would starve first."

"Well, I'm afraid it may come to

that in the end; and I'm sorry you married him, Mary, but that cannot be helped now. Any way, I want the farm. I have a good tenant, ready to come in, in the spring. You know I only told you that Joe might try it, and if he made it do, we would talk about the bargain. He has tried it, and from all I can see, he will never make it do—never. And so, Mary, I hope you will give it up quietly and reasonably, and not stand in my light about a better bargain."

"No," said Mary, dejectedly. "We will go, Joshua, if you insist upon it. But I am not sorry I married Joe, not even if I have to give up this dear old place."

She looked round the garret, familiar even to her childish days.

"I hoped I should live and die under this roof, as mother did," she began, and then her voice changed and broke. "Almost the first thing I can remember is playing up here with you. There was a swing out by the west window, and you swung me too high, and hit my head; you kissed me and begged me not to cry. You were a dear, kind brother to me then, Joshua," said she, lifting her checked apron to her face, and bursting into an agony of tears.

The farmer walked across the garret, waiting for her to recover herself.

He stood by the western window. Sure enough, there were the very pegs that he had driven into the stout beams for the swing she spoke of, and there was the higher beam where she had hit her head. A pretty little thing she was then, with her blue eyes and rosy cheeks and yellow curls, always toddling after "brother Joshy," wherever he went, and thinking him the handsomest and most marvellous of boys.

How natural those sloping meadow-lands looked, seen from this western window. "In summer, when the days were long," and when the windows were wide open, his mother's spinning-wheel had stood here, and backwards and forwards, with the

motes dancing in the long columns of sunny air beside her, he had seen her tall slender figure pass and repass, singing "the old songs," in tones so sweet and low as not to disturb the mother-robin brooding in the maple-tops outside, and looking with blue eyes full of love at the boy and girl conning over their fat speckled-covered "Book of Fairy Tales" on a cushion at her feet.

And as he stood there, a gray-haired, care-wrinkled man, older by thirty years than his mother was then, a sudden vision rose up between him and those meadow-lands—a vision of that dying hour—that dying saint. White was her cheek as the pillow on which it rested, and the bright blue eyes were dimmed and failing, so far as the sights of earth were concerned. "Love God, and keep his commandments," he seemed to hear the weak, sweet voice breathing in his ear once more; "and oh, my boy, be kind and gentle to your little sister! Love her—take care of her—let me meet you both in heaven!"

The farmer's keen blue eyes suddenly filled and brimmed over. With a tear on his wrinkled cheek, and a choking ball at his throat, he turned and looked at Mary.

His "little sister" then, but now the mother of children older than they had been when they had stood with their arms clasped round each other to see their mother die.

Mary had followed her life-path against his warnings and advice, and this was the end. A little, worn, and gray-haired woman of sixty-three, sitting on the chest of assorted rags, and crying her heart out because her only home was soon to be taken from her, yet clinging just as fondly as ever to the broken-down and unlucky farmer whose failing fortunes had dragged her and her seven children down so low.

"Be kind and gentle to your little sister. Love her—take care of her—let me meet you both in heaven!" Again the words seemed to come

floating through the air, and with them the breath of the old childlife, when money and position were words unknown, and things undesired passed over the farmer's indurated heart. He forgot Joe Sylvester—his ill-luck and his failings; badly hung gates and dilapidated walls no longer troubled his mental vision; but in their place came the friendly buzz and whirl of the spinning-wheel, the light step keeping time to its music, the kind, dear face smiling down at him, and Mary's yellow curls lying like a golden shower on the breast of his homespun jacket, while listening to the story of the dear White Cat, the child sank away to sleep.

Poor little Mary! How fond she used to be of that story! And how his mother used to make the white hands for them, appearing in all kinds of mysterious places around the garret eaves! No wonder Mary longed to live her own life out under this old homestead roof! Why should he not give up the idea of that better tenant, and let her stay there *for his mother's sake*?

Mary saw him coming toward her, but in the depth of her despair it never occurred to her to watch for any softening of his purpose. She got off the rag-chest and wiped her eyes, and tried to speak kindly and cheerfully, with the sob and quiver still in her voice.

"Don't be angry at my crying, Joshua," she said, meekly. "I have been letting myself hope that Joe would have some good luck at last, and be able to buy the place, so that we could enjoy it a little awhile, and then leave it to the children. But, as you say, we ought not to stand in your light, brother, if you have a better chance to sell the farm. I'll tell Joe when he comes home to-night. How soon do you want us to go, Joshua?"

"Well, you see, Mary," mumbled the farmer, "if Joe would turn over a new leaf, as it were, and get the

place to looking nice, between now and spring—"

He paused, and Mary watched him eagerly, with her heart in her blue eyes.

"I don't know, seeing as you feel so bad about giving up the homestead—I don't know but what I might make up my mind to let you stay."

"Oh, brother Joshua!"

The blue eyes looked upward with a brief, glad thanksgiving. Surely, this was the answer to her prayer.

"Joe will try his best, indeed he will," said she, earnestly. "And I will help him, and all the children. The two boys could do a great deal, you know. If we have our usual health, Joshua, you shall see the dear old place blooming like a rose by June, if you will only let us stay."

"Yes," said the farmer, coughing. "You see, Mary, I haven't been up into this old garret for years before. It has put me so in mind of mother and the old times," he went on slowly. "I remembered, as I stood there just now, what she said to me about you when she was dying. I—I'm afraid I haven't done as I promised, Mary. I have been too fond of making money and laying it up, and I haven't given you a penny toward your housekeeping—but that was because you married Joe Sylvester against my will."

"But Joe has been such a good husband to me, such a kind father to the poor children," pleaded Mary. "You think he is lazy, Joshua; and yet he works hard all the time when he is well, and he is willing and glad to work to make a pleasant home for us. If we can only stay here he will be encouraged to go on, and I believe we shall see better days yet through your kindness, brother; I do indeed."

"I hope so, Mary," said the farmer, in a kinder tone than usual. "I shall do my part anyway. As soon as I get to the village this day, I'll have a deed made out, and the homestead shall be yours."

"Mine!" cried Mrs. Sylvester, not daring to believe her ears.

"I'll make it over to you, house, land, stock, and all. I am rich. I have a good home, and no family except my wife, and I don't need this place, nor yet the money it will bring in rent. I'll tell the tenant to find another farm this afternoon, and you shall have a home, too, my poor girl—a home that no one can turn you out of, and your children shall own it after you—there! I came to turn you out," he added, "but I saw how bad you felt about leaving the farm, and that deathbed of our mother's came up before me as plain as I ever saw anything in my life. I could hear the very words she said to me there, when she was almost too weak to speak. I haven't done what she asked me to do for you, Mary, so far. But forget and forgive, and

I'll be a better brother to you in future, my poor little woman."

Tears were rolling down the farmer's face again, but it was Mary's hand that wiped them away now, and Mary's arms went around his neck, and Mary's cheek was laid against his, as in the days when it was the fresh, fair cheek of a little child.

So they stood, embracing in silence, and every tear that fell from the brother's eyes washed away some unkind look or hard or grudging word that had defiled the past.

It was but a poor old garret, cobwebbed and dusty, and crowded with worthless lumber, yet to the long separated and suddenly reunited brother and sister it seemed as if a dear, familiar angel figure was bending over them in blessing, filling the homely chamber with the white radiance of its wings.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. MANLY TELLO, late editor of the *Northwestern Chronicler*, of St. Paul's, is now associate editor with Father Thorpe, of the *Cleveland Catholic Universe*.

WHERE is not a Catholic church springing up? In Salt Lake City there is a flourishing church, and congregation, and schools. We see that in the Black Hills there are now enough Catholics to authorize the erection of a church, and one is to be erected at Deadwood.

REV. LAWRENCE WALSH has lately bought a Protestant church for \$25,000. We have little doubt that in the course of the next few years many Protestant churches will be bought by the Catholics, for there are scores in all the large cities which it is growing every year more difficult to keep agoing.

CREIGHTON COLLEGE, Omaha, Nebraska, has been commenced. In Detroit, the Jesuits, who have lately been placed in charge of the Cathedral there, are taking steps to start a college in the City of the

Straits. The same indefatigable society has also commenced a college at Jersey City.

IN France the bulk of the peasantry own their own lands. In England the bulk of the land is owned by the aristocracy and the great commercial magnates. This is the reason why, with all its revolutions, there is more solid and general prosperity in France than in England, although the wealth of the latter country is so much greater.

ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL, under the management of Sisters of the Franciscan order, situated in South St. Louis, was totally destroyed by fire, on August 6th. All the patients were safely removed. The building and furniture cost \$40,000 three years ago. Insured for \$17,000 in home companies, except \$2000 in the Fire Insurance of Philadelphia.

THE diocese of Rochester has its Catholic paper now, viz., the *Catholic Times*, which has just appeared at Waterloo, in that State. As there are 60,000 Catholics

in Rochester diocese, it ought to be supported. The dioceses of Syracuse and Savannah did not support their weekly papers; and we see that the *Connecticut Catholic* has been reorganized.

WE see that the fourth annual convention of the American Cæcilian Society takes place in Rochester, N. Y., on August 21st, 22d, and 23d. Services will take place at St. Joseph's, St. Peter's, and the Cathedral. Addresses will be delivered by the Bishop of La Crosse, Dr. Heiss, by Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, and Rev. J. Rainer, of Wisconsin.

REV. T. L. EDWARDS, of the Annunciation, Chicago, Rev. P. V. McDermott, S.J., of the Holy Family, Philadelphia, Rev. James Murphy, Macon, Ga., Rev. Patrick McCarthy, and Rev. Father Mullen, of Fairfield, Connecticut, are priests who have lately died. But the numerous ordinations that take place far more than make good the losses caused by death.

WE observe that the Atlantic cable sends intelligence that Cardinal Simeoni has addressed a circular to the Papal nuncios, instructing them to inform the various governments that whatever modifications may be found requisite in the ceremonies of the next conclave, they will not be of a nature to interfere with the rights of Catholic powers, nor lessen the facilities for their exercising them fully and freely.

GREAT meetings have taken place in Manchester and Liverpool, in support of the obstruction policy of Messrs. Bigger and Parnell.

We note that what is called the "policy of withdrawal," or that the Irish members should leave the House in a body, is advocated by some. To make this idea effectual it should be participated in by all or by a great majority of the members at least.

THERE are twenty-six Catholic peers in Parliament: Duke—Norfolk; Marquises—Bath, Ripon; Earls—Fingall, Granard, Denbigh, Kenmare, Oxford, Gainsborough; Viscount—Gormanston; Barons—Camoys, Beaumont, Stourton, Vaux, Petre, Arundel, Dormer, Stafford, Clifford, Lovat, Defreyne, Howard, Acton, O'Hagan, Emly, Gerard. Most of these peers belong to old Catholic families, but some are converts, and others are of late "creation" or appointment.

THE Catholic emigration schemes continue to multiply. Texas, Nebraska, Minne-

sota, and North Carolina all present fields to the enterprising. The Philadelphia colony in North Carolina has been named St. Brandon's Colony, in honor of the reputed discoverer of America, about thirteen hundred years ago, and who, says a legend, settled two Irish colonies in North Carolina about the year 550. A party of workmen have started for it, and are busily preparing for the settlers who will follow them.

THE Nationalists, on August 6th, held a demonstration in Belfast to celebrate the birth of O'Connell. Disturbances occurred in several parts of the town. Some houses were wrecked, and a number of persons wounded. Up to a late hour the military, both infantry and cavalry, were patrolling the streets. The outrageous conduct of the Orangemen is responsible solely for this state of affairs, for the 12th of July was allowed to pass by the Catholics of Ireland without a single violent demonstration.

SCENES of dramatic interest have occurred during the progress of the labor troubles. The figure of Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburgh, addressing the infuriated mob of that city, at the peril of his life, the incident of the Catholic priest at Baltimore, administering the sacrament to the dying, the rescue of the Mayor of Scranton from death by Father Dunn, and the saving of the life of the Philadelphia soldier by the priest of St. Philomenas, on the terrible Sunday of July 22d, these will furnish scenes to the future artist and historian.

FORTY thousand miners out of work in the Lehigh and Scranton coaling districts, and the presence among them of five thousand United States regulars and State militia would seem to portend struggles of no ordinary severity, and riots involving great destruction of life and property. At time of writing there prevails tranquillity. The mob seems overawed by the presence of the military, and reluctant to precipitate hostile action, but a bad and bitter feeling prevails, and it will be marvellous if there is not a desperate struggle.

SHORTLY after the Russians crossed the Danube, they took the city of Nicopolis, and with it six thousand men prisoners.

Nicopolis was founded by the Emperor Trajan, in the second century. It is famous in history for a terrible battle fought on September 28th, 1396, between the Emperor Bajazet I (who was afterwards overthrown by Tamerlane the Tartar), Sultan of the Ottoman Turks, and Sigismund, King of Hungary, and afterwards Emperor of Ger-

many. The Christians, to the number of sixty thousand men, were totally defeated.

EXCITED by the outbreak of the rioters in the East, the "hoodlums" of San Francisco, went for the Heathen Chinese of their city, who by their industry, perseverance and indefatigable toil, excite the rage of the idle and good-for-nothing young men, who, with some education, possess no virtues.

The Chinese possess all the vices of an Eastern pagan people, but it is not their vices that excite the rage of the "hoodlums," but their industry and willingness to work. They might smoke opium and worship in Joss houses till doomsday if they did not provoke the whites by their industry and their sending money to China.

FRANCE, Catholic France, when establishing her system of national education, in 1832, laid its foundation in accordance with the Catholic spirit of her people. The population consisted of about 35,000,000 of Catholics, and 1,000,000 of Protestants, but the rights of 1,000,000 of Protestants in the education of their children in accordance with their religious views were as fully secured as were those of the 35,000,000 of Catholics.

Poughkeepsie, New York, Savannah, Georgia, and other places have endeavored to solve this educational problem more or less successfully.

ENGLISH neutrality in the present war is like the Irishman's neutrality, "all on one side." It is like the neutrality which was observed in our own civil war, all on the side of the South, and for which England had afterwards to pay heavy damages.

An Englishman commands the Turkish fleet, and its vessels were all built in England. English money supplies the Turks with the best arms and artillery. English influence prevents any attack on Egypt, and enables the Viceroy of Egypt to send thousands of Egyptians to the aid of the Sultan, which he would have to keep at home to defend his own territory. England is trying hard to induce Austria to assume a hostile attitude, and has so far succeeded that the latter power prevents Serbia from aiding Russia.

THE Irish obstructionists in the British House of Commons, have achieved a great victory. Messrs. Bigger, Parnell, and their co-laborers kept the House of Commons in session for twenty-six hours on Tuesday, July 31st, and Wednesday, August 1st. Of twenty bills introduced by the government

this session, only two have a certainty of passing. The courageous men are hissed, hooted, bullied, caricatured, and then coaxed and wheedled, to induce them to withdraw from their course. But all in vain. The Irish members are determined that as long as justice is not done to Ireland, England shall not be allowed any peace as far as they can prevent it. If this course of conduct does no good to Ireland, at least it worries England, and that is some consolation.

THE Russian armies, after their successful crossing of the Danube, pushed boldly forward, and a detachment crossed the Balkans, aided by the Bulgarians, who knew the secret passes of the mountains. But the Russian attack on Plevna, where the Turks were posted in great force, resulted in a repulse. The fighting was terrible, the slaughter awful, and the scenes that took place on the field of battle afterwards were most blood-curdling in their atrocity. "To fight like a Turk" has long been a proverb, and they fight like men filled with desperation. Yet their success can but precipitate the day of the Ottoman downfall, for Russia cannot sit down under a defeat. She will rather strain every nerve and sinew, and send her last man into the field, and spend her last ruble, than acknowledge that she has been defeated by the Turks.

THE battle of Plevna, in Bulgaria, fought on July 30th, between the Russians and the Turks, will take rank in history as among the bloodiest ever fought. 40,000 Russians attacked 50,000 Turks, who were behind breastworks. Two lines were carried by storm under a terrible artillery fire. The Russian infantry fought with stolid resolution and indomitable courage, but were repulsed at last, and left a third of their whole number on the field, either dead or wounded. The latter soon joined the former as the Bashi Bazouks butchered them. Horrible must have been this scene of carnage, and awful is it to think of the wounded left to die on the field, and yet many more such battles will be fought before the Russian eagles perch on the minarets of St. Sophia, the Czar approaches Constantinople, or the Ottoman Empire is no more. The Turks die hard, and will die fighting.

VERY Rev. John F. Turner, V. G. of the diocese of Brooklyn, died on July 21st.

Brooklyn, about fifty-five or fifty-six years ago, was very poor in church accommodation, so much so that the Catholics of those days crossed the East River to be present at

the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at the churches in New York city. As time passed on, the few Catholics of Brooklyn resolved to build an edifice wherein the Divine mysteries could be celebrated. With this object in view, they met at Peter Turner's house, in Front Street, and after surmounting great obstacles, they succeeded in March, 1822, in purchasing eight lots on the corner of Jay and Chapel Streets, the present ground whereon stands the Pro-Cathedral of St. James. Father Bolger blessed the ground in April, and the building was commenced, and some time after opened for service. Among the building committee, foremost in the list, was the name of Peter Turner.

The reason we mention this church and its foundation is because the name of Peter Turner, who will be held in grateful remembrance, we hope, while it stands, was identified with it from its very infancy, and because he was the father of the priest whose name appears above, who was baptized at its altar, was raised to the sacerdotal dignity at its altar, and was buried with solemn sacrifice and prayer from its altar.

In or about 1830, the Vicar-General was born in Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, and received the name of John at the baptismal font. At the knee of his mother, who was as zealous and pious as his father, he learned to lisp the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and was by her brought up in the fear and love of God, striving each day to advance further on in the path of perfection.

THERE is no reason why there should be any tramps in this country. The Almighty has blessed it with every gift of nature, and millions upon millions of fertile acres are ready for the toiler. If parents would see that their children learned trades, if the education of the people was founded on religion, and more really useful, if it had less of "cram" and more common sense in it, financial panics would not cause widespread distress and armies of tramps. What can be more absurd than to try and teach school girls and boys geography, arithmetic, ancient and modern history, biography, French, German, music, singing, geometry, hydrostatics, astronomy, chemistry, natural history, geology, science, political economy, aerostatics, and dozens of other sciences, any one of which requires years of study? What can it produce but a superficial acquaintance with everything, and a real knowledge of nothing? If any one doubts this, let them interrogate closely any one of the numerous young people who graduate yearly from our public schools; he will find that his knowledge is of the vaguest possible kind. We think that a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, some acquaintance with history and modern English literature, is enough for all practical purposes. The history of the United States and that of the Catholic Church, should be known by every Catholic, and with the knowledge of his religion, and a good trade, he is then equipped for the battle of life.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF POPE PIUS IX, AND THE GREAT EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH DURING HIS PONTIFICATE. By John Gilmary Shea. New York: Thomas Kelly, 1877.

Among all those who have attracted attention in virtue of their position, their talents, or the parts they have taken in the affairs of the world during the present age, Pope Pius IX occupies the central position. No one else during the past thirty years has wielded so extensive and so powerful an influence; no one else wields it to-day. The head of an institution which, time and again, the world has declared to be decrepit, effete, at the point of death, if not actually dead; an institution against which kings and princes, secret societies, revolutionists, and conspirators have concentrated all their forces, conjoined, too, with the secular science and philosophy of the age under the influence of a

spirit of unbelief, Pope Pius IX stands forth before the world the evident object of these assaults, yet ever unyielding, firm, unshaken in his resistance. What a splendid instance is there not here presented of the unconquerable vitality of the Church and of the verification in this age, as in ages past, of our divine Lord's declaration that on Peter the rock his Church should be built, and that the gates of hell should never prevail against it. Past times furnish illustrations of the verification of these words, but one need not go back to past ages in search of such illustration. We can easily find them in our own times, and especially in the life of Pius IX.

For this reason, an account of his life and labors, trials, conflicts, humiliations, achievements, and victories, cannot but be intensely interesting, and at the same time most edifying. But to confine such an account within the limits of a single volume is a work of no

small difficulty. For, the long period over which the life of Pius IX has extended, the multitude of momentous events that have occurred during that period, their widespread and far-reaching consequences, the changes that have taken place as regards secular governments, the social and political condition of peoples, the advance and decay of nations, and their relations to each other, all affecting directly or indirectly the Church and the Papacy, and therefore all closely connected with the pontifical reign of Pius IX, make the number of facts and occurrences that must be narrated and treated of in a biography of our reigning Pontiff almost innumerable. To these, too, must be added occurrences growing out of the extension of the missionary operations of the Church and the action of the Holy Roman See in regard to the countless subjects that constantly claim its attention in connection with the administration of the Church all over the world.

Mr. Shea has shown admirable skill and judgment in selecting from the vast mass of materials and topics connected with his subject, those of greatest importance and most intimately related to it. From these he has formed a sketch of the life and character of Pius IX, which brings him vividly before the reader as a man, a Christian, a priest, a Pope, and a Prince. His piety, charity, patience, gentleness, firmness, and heroic steadfastness, are faithfully and graphically depicted. The work is enriched with numerous well-executed engravings, among which are two portraits of the Holy Father, portraits of Cardinals McCloskey and Antonelli, views of the interiors of famous churches, and of other scenes.

THE PEARL AMONG THE VIRTUES; or, Words of Advice to Christian Youth. By P. A. De Doss, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the original German by a Catholic Priest. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co. 1877. On sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

The author of this book was one of the victims of the impious and infamous law suppressing the Society of Jesus in Germany. In his preface he says: "Being condemned to involuntary leisure by the unjust application of this law, being banished from the schoolroom, from the pulpit, from the confessional, yea, even driven away from the altar, and from the sphere of long-continued activity, chased from place to place, writing is my only means of intercourse with those who once were so near me."

The author has dedicated his work to youth. It is designed to encourage and strengthen in virtuous resolution those who strive to obtain the mastery over their passions, and cultivate the virtue of holy purity.

To all such, and all indeed who realize that life on earth is a constant warfare against sin, and who desire to conquer in this warfare, and win the victor's crown by faith and perseverance in a holy life, this work will be both interesting and edifying. It is written in a style of admirable simplicity, is full of beautiful thoughts, and is in every respect well calculated to do good.

LIFE OF BLESSED REGINALD OF ST. GILES, O. P. Translated by a Dominican Nun, with an Introduction by Very Rev. J. A. Rotchford, O. P., Provincial of St. Joseph's Dominican Province in the United States. Westchester, N. Y.: Printed at the Boys' Protectory, Westchester, 1877.

This little work not only contains a very interesting and edifying account of the saintly life of a distinguished Dominican of the thirteenth century, it also gives important information respecting the schools and other educational institutions of that age. The sketch it contains of the University of Paris, its organization, schools, masters, and students, their habits, manner of life, studies, etc., is especially valuable.

GEMS OF BIOGRAPHY. Flushing Series. (Translated from the French of Mme. Foa.) New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher, 37 Barclay Street. 1877.

This work is a volume of biographical sketches by the graduating class of St. Joseph's Academy, Flushing, L. I. It contains translations of five short tales suitable for young persons, and respectively entitled "Michael Angelo Buonarroti; or, The Little Artist," "Sebastian Gomez; or, The Mulatto of Murillo," "The Little Enchanter; or, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," "Sepperl the Drummer; or, Joseph Haydn," "Antoine Watteau; or, The Little Roofer."

BESSIE, DORA, SILVIA. Three Novels. By Julia Kavanagh, author of *Nathalie, Adele, Dora, Rachel Gray, Madeline*, etc. New York: D. and J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street. 1877.

Miss Kavanagh's writings are so well known to the public, and are so popular, that to undertake to characterize them is unnecessary. The above-named stories are fully equal in merit and interest to those that have previously emanated from her prolific pen.

THE CATHOLIC KEEPSAKE. A Gift Book for all Seasons. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore Street. 1877.

This, as its title indicates, is intended as a gift book, and it is well adapted to the purpose. Its contents are varied and interesting, consisting of short sketches and tales.

